

Featuring:

DICK COLE

April 

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT

also -
BLUE BOLT
Sub-Zero MAN
Super-HORSE
Sergeant SPOOK

DICK COLE took a flying leap
at the open cockpit to regain
control of the war robot!

Vol.1 No.11

Everett



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1⁰⁰

Dear Readers:

Many thanks again for your excellent letters that are helping us to keep BLUE BOLT out front in the comic field.

Those of you who still have prize coupons on hand from earlier issues of TARGET or BLUE BOLT should send them in now. Your prize circular will tell you the number of coupons alone, or the number of coupons and amount of money it is necessary to send in for the prize that you want. If you are just one coupon short, send them in anyway and we will forward the prize. (This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed or restricted.)

Cordially yours,

The Editors

Dear Editors:

At a time like this when the world is in such a troubled state I think we should have more stories like Old Cap Hawkin's Tales stressing patriotism. Though most of us learn American History in school, I think this is an easier, more pleasant way of learning about the background of our country.

Fumi Kishi

New York, New York

—(Patriotism is now the theme of TARGET and BLUE BOLT, Fumi.)

Dear Editors:

I would like to congratulate you on BLUE BOLT COMICS. It gives me wide variety — adventure of all kinds with plenty of mystery and suspense. I do not like too many comics of the same type in one magazine and BLUE BOLT mixes them up in pleasing variety. A commendable feature of BLUE BOLT is that there is a definite, plausible story running through each strip and the plot comes to a logical, satisfying conclusion. Many comics depend too much on action alone and neglect plot.

I am a married man, twenty-two years of age, but I can truly say the only enjoyment I get out of books is BLUE BOLT and I never miss an issue.

Kenneth Harger
Langdon, Missouri

—(Many thanks, Kenneth.)

Gentlemen:

I like your comic book very well and I try to read every issue that's put out.

I think that you make a very vital mistake in your magazine though. That mistake is that you don't have enough of Edison Bell. He is a very interesting character. I am sure that there are many readers who feel the same way I do.

For instance, in your January issue you had ten pages of Blue Bolt and two pages of Edison Bell. I do not like Blue Bolt because the locale is too fantastic.

Yours truly,

Ronnie Gault

Los Angeles, California

—(All right, Ronnie, we'll put in more of Eddie Bell.)

Dear Editors:

I think that your best feature is Dick Cole and that your main feature, Blue Bolt, would be much better if his stories took place above the earth's crust, against gangsters, and not inside the earth against the Green Sorceress.

All your other features are very good, with the exception of the White Rider (Super Horse is very good). He's too weak for a person who's supposed to have gigantic strength.

Yours truly,
Louis Guida

Newark, New Jersey

—(Your wish is granted, Louis, Blue Bolt is now working on earth.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I want you to know that BLUE BOLT COMICS are tops with me and I know I am one of your very best customers — right now I am reading the 1941 February issue.

Occasionally my Dad objects because I spend a certain amount of my allowance on comics, but I have always given him my sales talk and he has yet to say No to me when buying BLUE BOLT.

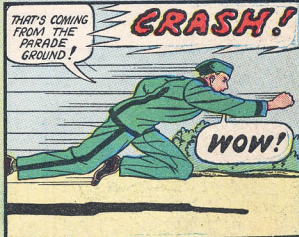
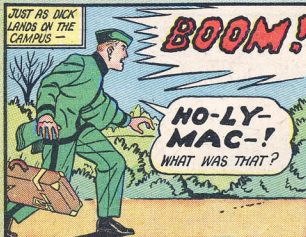
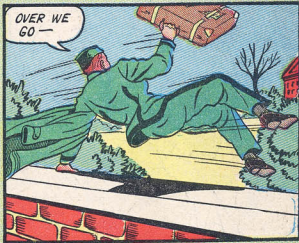
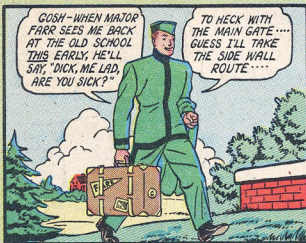
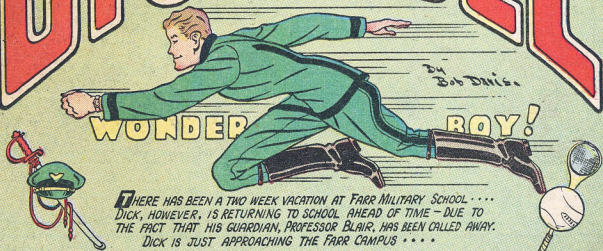
My favorite feature is Dick Cole, because he is full of action and very exciting. I like Sub Zero Man too because he is very thrilling and I like the idea of magic throwing ice.

Edison Bell is O.K., and I am also interested in making inventions, and he always gives me new ideas. I suggest you give Edison Bell more pages.

Chuck Penhaligon
Midland, Michigan

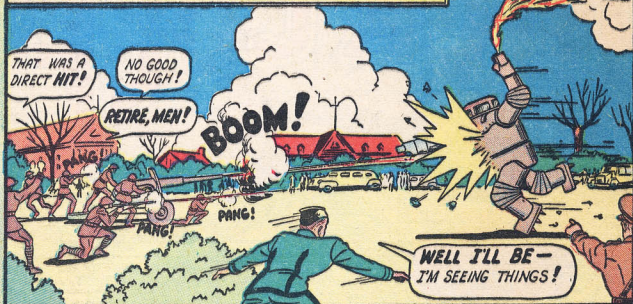
—(Another Edison Bell fan gives him a hand.)

DICK COLE

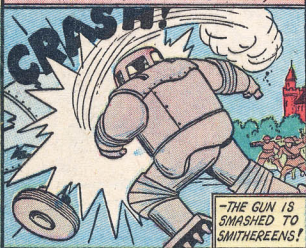


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BURSTING ONTO THE FIELD, DICK GASPS IN UTTER ASTONISHMENT... THERE ARE U.S. ARMY SOLDIERS EVERYWHERE - SHOOTING FRANTICALLY AT A GREAT STEEL ROBOT MONSTER, WHICH REFUSES TO BE STOPPED. THERE ARE CARS, TRUCKS, CANNONS... EXCITEMENT SEEMS HIGH...



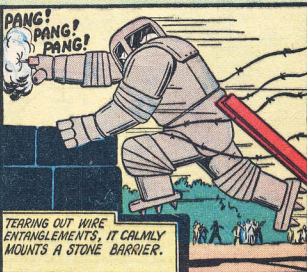
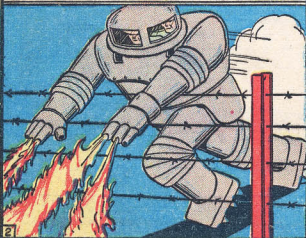
AS THE ROBOT APPROACHES THE FIELD-PIECE, THE CREW FLEE... ONE SWEEP OF A MIGHTY ARM, AND-



DICK'S EYES POP FROM HIS HEAD...



SPITTING FIRE FROM ITS FINGER-TIPS, THE ROBOT MOVES IRRESISTIBLY FORWARD - TOWARD BARRICADES...



DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE, IT STOPS. THE DRIVERS DISMOUNT.

BOY! WHAT A CRATE THIS IS!

HOW'S THAT CENTRAL BEARING NOW?

DID THAT OIL PUMP OKAY?

THE RADIO WORK? WHAT A PERFORMANCE!

SHE'S A BIRDIE! EVERYTHING TICKED OFF SWELL!

GEE!

DICK AMBLES UP....

SUDDENLY AN OFFICER NOTICES DICK

HEY-LOOK!
THAT KID! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

WHAT—WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GRAB HIM!

IMMEDIATELY AN ELECTRIC WAVE OF EXCITEMENT SWEEPS THE FIELD... OFFICERS GRAB DICK.... THEN—

WAIT—WAIT—YOU MEN! THAT BOY IS ONE OF MY STUDENTS! **DICK!** HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

WHAT—

OH—MAJOR FARR—I CAME OVER THE SIDE WALL—I HAD TO RETURN EARLY—DAD—

GET HIM!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE, BOY! IF YOU'D COME TO THE MAIN GATE, YOU'D HAVE BEEN SENT AWAY BY AN ARMY SENTRY! THEY'RE HAVING SECRET MANEUVERS HERE DURING THE HOLIDAYS WITH THIS NEW WEAPON—AND SECRET THEY MUST BE.... THIS IS A VERY GRAVE ACCIDENT, AND YOU MUST SWEAR ON YOUR HONOR NOT TO TELL A SOUL WHAT YOU'VE SEEN, BOY!

WHY—GOSH—YES, SIR! I SWEAR!

ABRUPTLY, AN ORDERLY RUSHES UP TO THE MAJOR, WHISPERS A MESSAGE.

VERY GOOD, ORDERLY.... DICK, THERE IS A VERY GREAT MAN HERE TODAY—WATCHING THIS BUSINESS. HE IS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT IT, AND HE WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU. HE IS THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE UNITED STATES! COME WITH ME.

OH—H—GOSH—MAJOR!

WELL—SO THIS IS THE WONDER-BOY! HELLO, DICK.... I'VE READ ABOUT YOU IN THE NEWSPAPERS—AND I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU! I CALLED YOU OVER TO ASK A VERY SPECIAL FAVOR.

OH—ER—THANK YOU, SIR....

THIS ROBOT TANK YOU'VE SEEN MAY BECOME A MOST VITAL FACTOR IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE—AND WE WANT TO KEEP IT A SECRET FROM UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS! WILL YOU PROMISE ME YOU'LL KEEP MUM, DICK—TO EVERYBODY?

I CERTAINLY WILL, SIR! I PROMISE!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT SOME "UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS" ARE WATCHING INTERESTEDLY FROM A NEARBY HILLTOP



QUICK, HANS! LET ME SEE!

AH—SUCH A MACHINE IS THAT THING! SUCH A BEAUTIFUL INSTRUMENT FOR DESTRUCTION!

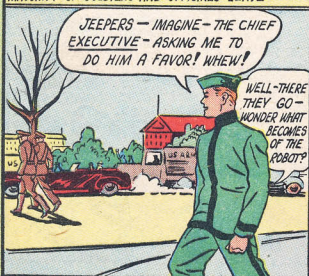
BE PATIENT, BLACK ONE! IN A MOMENT!

THINK OF THEM IN A VAST FLEET, KORELLI! HUNDREDS—THOUSANDS OF THEM—SMASHING, TEARING, BURNING THROUGH CITIES! SWEEPING FORWARD WITH THEIR DEMONIACAL SKILL AND INTELLIGENCE!

THOSE FOOLS DOWN THERE—THINKING THEY COULD FOOL US BY HAVING THEIR MANEUVERS AT THIS BOY'S SCHOOL! HOW STUPIDLY OBVIOUS! HA! MANY OF THEM ARE LEAVING NOW!



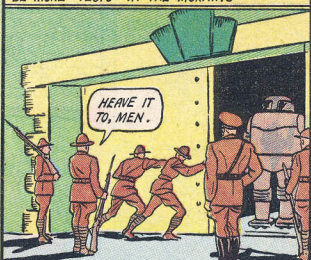
TRUE ENOUGH.... MANEUVERS OVER FOR THE DAY, THE MAJORITY OF SOLDIERS AND OFFICIALS LEAVE



JEEPERS—IMAGINE—THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE—ASKING ME TO DO HIM A FAVOR! WHEW!

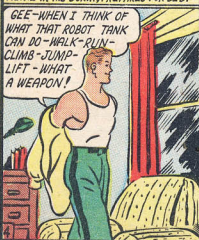
WELL—THERE THEY GO—WONDER WHAT BECOMES OF THE ROBOT?

THE ROBOT TANK IS STOWED IN THE SCHOOL ARMORY UNDER A SMALL GUARD.... THERE WILL BE MORE TESTS IN THE MORNING



HEAVE IT TO, MEN.

WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT, HUSH AND QUIET DESCEND UPON THE FARR CAMPUS.... DICK, ALONE IN HIS DORM, PREPARES FOR BED.



GEE—WHEN I THINK OF WHAT THAT ROBOT TANK CAN DO—WALK—RUN—CLIMB—JUMP—LIFT—WHAT A WEAPON!

WHILE IN ANOTHER BUILDING, MAJOR FARR AND AN ARMY OFFICER CHAT—

YES, MAJOR, THERE HAVE BEEN THREE SEPARATE FIFTH-COLUMN ORGANIZATIONS AFTER THOSE ROBOT PLANS! ONE IN PARTICULAR—THE BLACK LEAGUE—HAS BEEN VERY TROUBLESOME! THUS THE SECRECY—AND OUR CHANCE



TO COME HERE!

I SEE—

AND JUST ABOUT NOW, THE BLACK LEAGUE IS PREPARING TO STRIKE!

EVERYTHING IS READY, EXCELLENCIES, BOTH TRUCKS—AND THE AMERICAN GANGLORD AND HIS HOODLUMS ARE HERE!

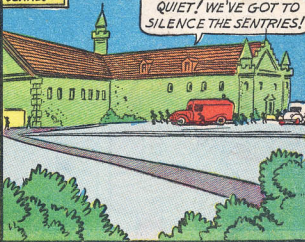


GOO! WE START IMMEDIATELY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SENTRIES AT THE FAIR GATES ARE SILENTLY DISPOSED OF—TWO HUGE TRUCKS SLIDE INTO THE GROUNDS WITH MUFFLED MOTORS . . .



PAID THUGS JUMP OUT OF ONE TRUCK—ARMED TO THE TEETH—THEN THE WHOLE EVIL PROCESSION MOVES TOWARD THE SCHOOL ARMORY AND THE UNSUSPECTING ROBOT GUARDS....



SWIFTLY AND SUDDENLY, THEY ATTACK!



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE SMALL HANDFUL OF SOLDIERS IS OVERPOWERED...



THE ARMORY DOORS ARE OPENED, AND THE ROBOT TANK IS BROUGHT OUT. ONE TRUCK IS MADE READY TO RECEIVE IT . . .



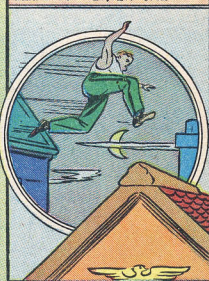
DICK, IN HIS ROOM IN THE DORM, HEARS THE DISTURBANCE...



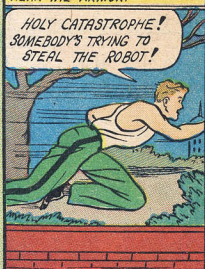
HE SWINGS UP TO THE DORM ROOF—



—LEAPS TO A LOWER ONE—



THEN DROPS TO A HIGH WALL NEAR THE ARMORY



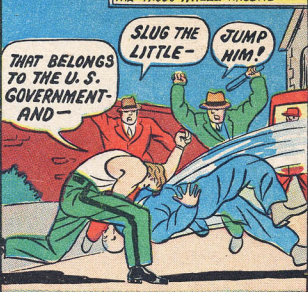
YOU DEVILS!
YOU CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH
THIS!

AWK!

HEY!



THE THUGS WHEEL AROUND—



SLASH OUT VIGOROUSLY—

HA!

THAT'LL
HOLD
HIM!

SOCK!



THEN THE THUGS LEAP ONTO THE
MOVING TRUCK—

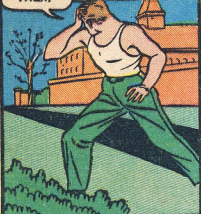


SWIFTLY, THEY MOVE OFF INTO
THE DARKNESS, LEAVING DICK—



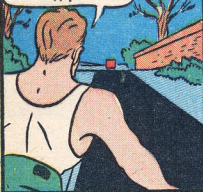
DICK STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET...

MY GOSH - IT'S GONE - AND I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THOSE TRUCKS - COULDN'T DESCRIBE THEM -



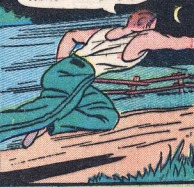
HE RACES OUT TO THE MAIN GATES, PEERS UP THE HIGHWAY...

THERE'S A TAIL-LIGHT - BUT IT MAY TURN OFF THIS ROAD ANY SECOND! I'D BETTER CHASE IT!



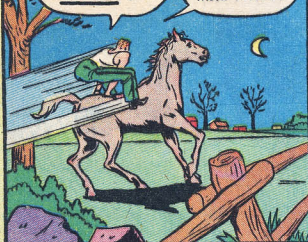
CALLING HIS AMAZING ENERGY INTO PLAY, DICK STARTS TO RUN...

HUH - THEY'VE TURNED OFF THIS SOON - TO A SMALL ROAD... AH - THERE'S A HORSE AHEAD!



OKAY - HORSEY - GIVE!

LET'S CATCH THOSE TRUCKS!



WHILE IN THE TRUCK THE LEADERS OF THE GANG DISCUSS THEIR COUP...

WELL THERE'S THE FIRST HALF OF OUR PLANS COMPLETE! MAN, NOW TO GET THE ROBOT OUT OF THE COUNTRY!

DON'T GLOAT YET, BLACK ONE - WE HAVE NOT REACHED THE HIDE-OUT OF THE TRANSPORT PLANES! FASTER-DRIVER!

AW - I'M ROLLING IT!



FROM A DISTANT HILL-TOP, DEEP INTO THE DESERTED COUNTRY-SIDE, ANOTHER GROUP OF THE GANG FLASH A SIGNAL...

THERE! THE TRUCKS ARE COMING!

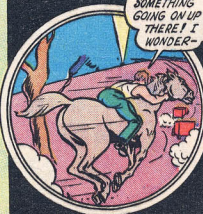
SEE THEM OUT THERE? FLASH THE LIGHT!

WE SEE!



AS THE TRUCKS APPROACH THE HIDE-OUT, DICK FOLLOWS...

THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON UP THERE! I WONDER-



A MOMENT LATER THEY ARRIVE...

HEIL!

DID YOU GET IT?

WE DID!

COME - HELP US UNLOAD!



THE RINGLEADER CRACKS OUT ORDERS.

NOW, HURRY, YOU SWINE!
GET THE ROBOT OFF THE
TRUCK, DISMANTLED, AND
INTO THOSE PLANES!



QUICKLY, THE MEN GO TO WORK...
DICK CREEPS STEALTHILY UP TO
WATCH....

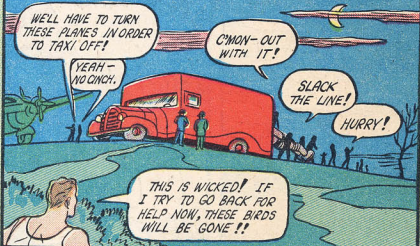
WE'LL HAVE TO TURN
THESE PLANES IN ORDER
TO TAXI OFF!

YEAH—
NO CINCH.

C'MON—OUT
WITH IT!

SLACK
THE LINE!

HURRY!



THIS IS WICKED! IF
I TRY TO GO BACK FOR
HELP NOW, THESE BIRDS
WILL BE GONE !!

WELL, THERE'S *ONE*
WAY TO FOIL THIS
ROTTEN BUSINESS—IF
I CAN GET CLOSE
ENOUGH TO THAT
ROBOT!



NEARING THE LEAD TRUCK, DICK
ENCOUNTERS A GUARD....

HEY!

SOCK!



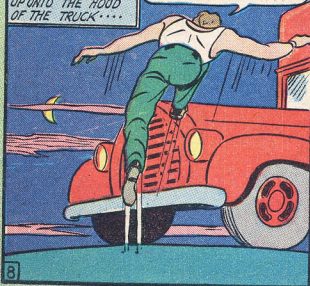
IMMEDIATELY, A WARNING CRY
IS SENT UP....

LOOK! THE KID
WE POPPED!
HE'S HERE!



DICK LEAPS QUICKLY
UPONTO THE HOOD
OF THE TRUCK....

ID BETTER GET UPSTAIRS HERE—



FROM THE HOOD HE LEAPS
TO THE ROOF, RACES
TOWARD THE REAR....

THIS HAS GOT TO
BE QUICK!

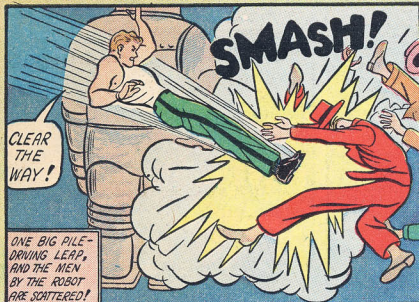
THERE'S
UP ON
THE ROOF!

GUN HIM!

HOW'D HE
GET HERE?

PANG!



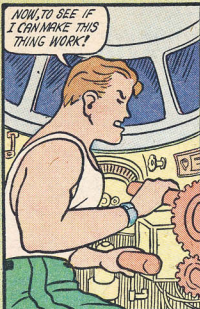
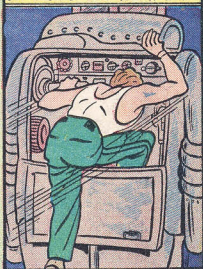


CLEAR
THE
WAY!

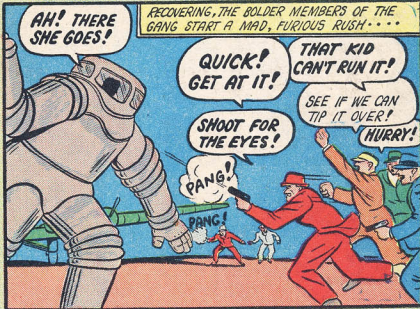
ONE BIG PILE-
DRIVING LEAP,
AND THE MEN
BY THE ROBOT
ARE SCATTERED!

SMASH!

BEFORE THEY CAN RECOVER, DICK
SCRAMBLES INTO THE ROBOT.



NOW, TO SEE IF
I CAN MAKE THIS
THING WORK!



AH! THERE
SHE GOES!

RECOVERING, THE BOLDER MEMBERS OF THE
GANG START A MAD, FURIOUS RUSH....

QUICK!
GET AT IT!

THAT KID
CAN'T RUN IT!

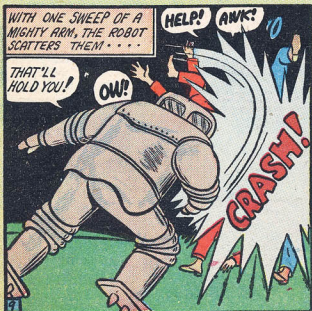
SHOOT FOR
THE EYES!

SEE IF WE CAN
TIP IT OVER!

HURRY!

PANG!

PANG!



WITH ONE SWEEP OF A
MIGHTY ARM, THE ROBOT
SCATTERS THEM....

HELP! AWK!

THAT'LL
HOLD YOU!

OW!

CRASH!



SUDDENLY, STARK PANIC FILLS THE GANG. THEY
WHEEL AROUND, RUSH HEADLONG TOWARD THE PLANES.

THE PLANES-- WE'LL BE KILLED!

START 'EM!

THE ROBOT'S
COMING!

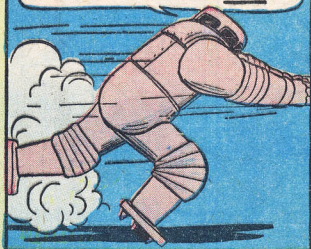
EEE-OH!

HELP!

START THE
PLANES!

IN THE ROBOT, DICK GIVES SWIFT CHASE . . .

GOSH-I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT!



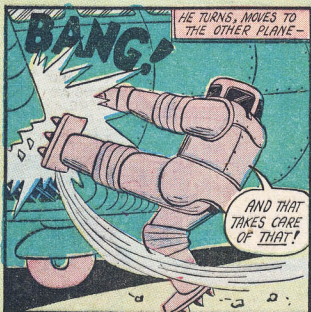
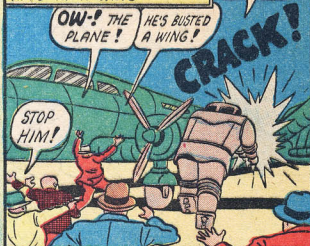
HE REACHES THE PLANES JUST BEFORE THE MEN, SWINGS HARD AT A WING—

THAT FIXES THAT ONE!

OW! THE PLANE!
HE'S BUSTED A WING!

CRACK!

STOP HIM!



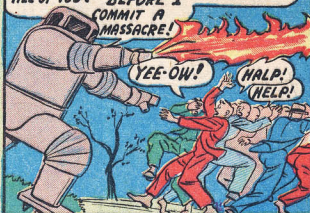
HE TURNS, MOVES TO THE OTHER PLANE—

BANG!

AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

THEN HE SPINS ON THE FRIGHTENED MEN, SENDS A BLAST OF FIRE SHOOTING OVER THEIR HEADS.

NOW, YOU DOGS. CLIMB INTO THE BACK OF THAT TRUCK, THERE! GO ON! ALL OF YOU! BEFORE I COMMIT A MASSACRE!



YEE-OH!

HALP!
(HELP!)

THOROUGHLY COWED, THE MEN COMPLY WILDLY . . .

HURRY UP!

MOVE OVER!
LEMMIE IN!

QUICK!
QUICK!

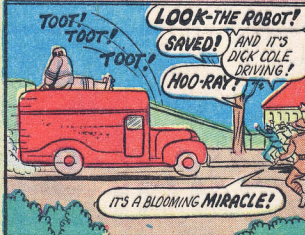


DICK LOCKS THEM INSIDE THE HUGE VAN, PARKS THE ROBOT ON THE ROOF, THEN SLOWLY DRIVES THE TRUCK BACK TO FARR . . . HE IS GREETED WITH HILARIOUS CHEERS . . .

TOOT!
TOOT!
TOOT!

LOOK-THE ROBOT!

SAVED! AND IT'S DICK COLE DRIVING!
HOO-RAY!



IT'S A BLOOMING MIRACLE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER—

DICK, BOY, IT'S A DARN GOOD THING YOU DID COME BACK TO FARR EARLY!—A BLESSING!

AW-HECK, MAJOR—
THE END!

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH, GANG! AND THANKS FOR THE SWEET LETTERS!
Boa
Pete



BLUE BOLT



AS YOU CAN SEE, BLUE BOLT, THE OUTER WORLD ABOVE OUR HEADS IS TORN WITH HATE AND STRIFE! THIS CONCERNS US AS MUCH AS OUR KINGDOM HERE, AND WE MUST DO OUR PART TO EASE THE PAIN. NOW, WE KNOW WHICH SIDE IS ON THE RIGHT IN THIS CONFLICT... AND IT IS FOR THEM THAT WE SHALL WORK. LET ME SHIFT THE SCENE...

"YOU SEE THE MAN SPEAKING? THAT IS TANNER... THE HEAD OF THE SMALL DEMOCRATIC STATE WHICH PLANS TO BECOME AN ALLY OF ENGLAND... BUT THE OTHER MAN..."

"AND SO MY PEOPLE, IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE AND DUTY TO SIGN THIS MUTUAL ASSISTANCE PACT WITH ENGLAND, THE PROTECTOR OF RIGHT."



"... HE IS AN EVIL ONE... WORKING FOR PERSONAL POWER AND GREED... HIS NAME IS KARLO, AND HE IS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY AND TO THE CAUSE OF RIGHT."

"IF TANNER'S GRIP ON THE PEOPLE WEREN'T SO STRONG, WE COULD SWING SENTIMENT TO OUR SIDE, ALLY OURSELVES WITH YOUR FATHERLAND, BUT..."



"NOW LET'S LISTEN
TO TANNER AGAIN.!"

TOMORROW I CROSS
THE MEDITERRANEAN
TO SIGN THIS PACT -
THE PACT THAT SHOULD
TURN THE TIDE OF THE
WAR!



"BUT KARLO HAS
OTHER PLANS..."

HE WILL LEAVE,
BUT HE WILL
NEVER GET
TO ENGLAND!

NO,
EXCELLENCY!
I SHALL
INFORM MY
GOVERNMENT
IMMEDIATELY,
AND OUR NAVY!

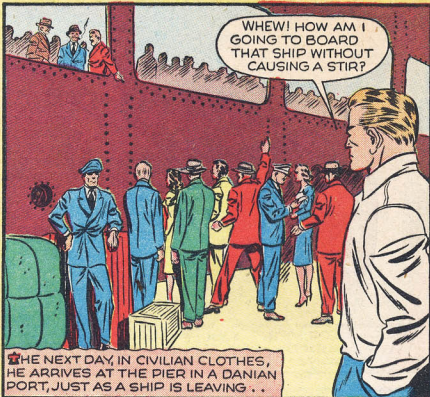
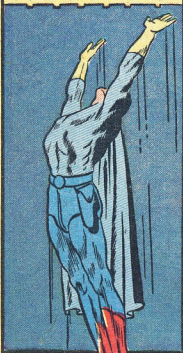


YOU SEE THE SET-UP,
BLUE BOLT? YOU MUST
RETURN TO THE OUTER
WORLD... TO THIS LITTLE
DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY
OF DANIA... AND SEE
THAT TANNER GETS TO
ENGLAND TO SIGN
THE PACT!

I'LL DO IT, SIR!



THAT NIGHT, BLUE BOLT
LEAVES ON HIS MISSION
TO THE OUTER WORLD.

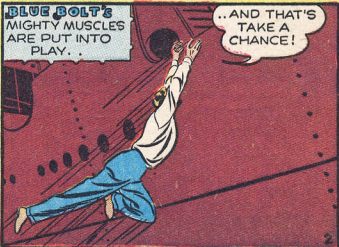


THE NEXT DAY, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES,
HE ARRIVES AT THE PIER IN A DANIAN
PORT, JUST AS A SHIP IS LEAVING...

WELL, THERE'S
ONLY ONE THING
TO DO!



BLUE BOLT'S
MIGHTY MUSCLES
ARE PUT INTO
PLAY...



AS BLUE BOLT LANDS ON BOARD HE IS SEEN . . .



DISPOSING OF THE MEN, BLUE BOLT RACES DOWN THE DECK TO TANNER'S STATEROOM . . .



WHAT?
WHO?

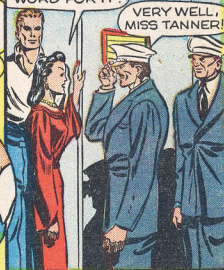
NEVER MIND,
NOW! I'M HERE
TO HELP YOUR
FATHER. TELL
THEM I'M A
FRIEND, HURRY!

BANG
BANG



IT'S ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN. THIS MAN IS RASH BUT SAFE, YOU MAY TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!

VERY WELL, MISS TANNER!



YOU'RE A MAJOR, MISS TANNER. NOW YOU WANT AN EXPLANATION. I'D LOVE TO TELL YOU WHY AND HOW I KNOW OF YOUR FATHER'S DANGER, BUT IF I DID, YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND ME, SO...

WHAT?
THEN YOU
ARE A
FRAUD!



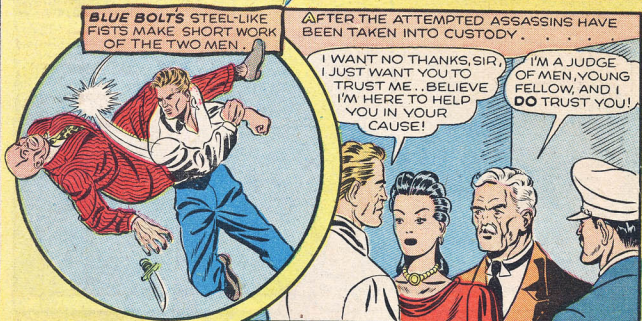
NO! DEFINITELY, NO! BUT MY KNOWLEDGE IS FROM A SOURCE YOU...

WAIT,
THAT'S
FATHER!

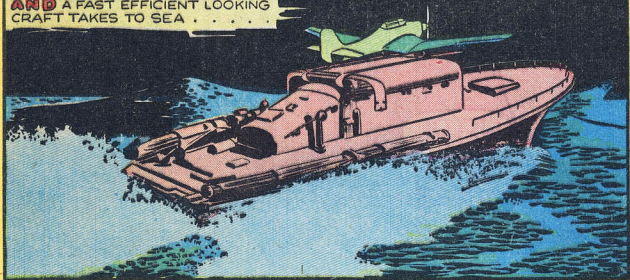


IN THE NEXT ROOM...





AND A FAST EFFICIENT LOOKING CRAFT TAKES TO SEA



THE WORLD CAN BE SO BEAUTIFUL, IT'S SAD THAT IT CAN BE SO HORRIBLE AT THE SAME TIME!

PERHAPS, SOME DAY, THE EVIL CAN BE SUBDUED FOR KEEPS!



SUDDENLY, THE GIRL SCREAMS.

LOOK! THAT LIGHT..



THE ENEMY COMMANDER HAS LOCATED THEM..

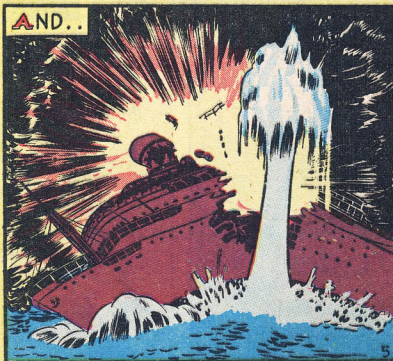
THERE SHE IS! FIRE TORPEDO ONE!



THERE IS A FLASH.. THEN A DEADLY TORPEDO BEGINS TO CUT THE WATER.



AND..



MORTALLY STRICKEN, THE GREAT LINER BEGINS TO SETTLE.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE HELPED INTO LIFE-BELTS... PANIC IS HIGH...



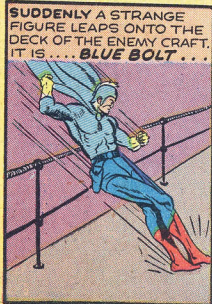
THE ENEMY COMMANDER SHOUTS AN ULTIMATUM.



THE ANSWER IS HURLED ANGRILY BACK...

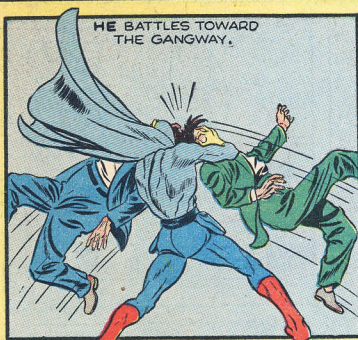


SUDDENLY A STRANGE FIGURE LEAPS ONTO THE DECK OF THE ENEMY CRAFT. IT IS... **BLUE BOLT**...



AND LIKE A DEMON, HE SMASHES INTO THE ENEMY CREW.



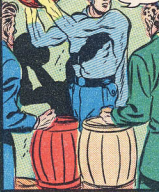


REACHING IT, BLUE BOLT SNATCHES UP A KEG OF EXPLOSIVES.

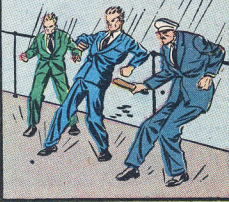


AND HOLDS IT ALOFT.

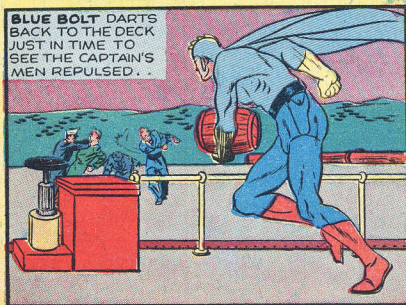
STAND BACK, OR I'LL DROP THIS! YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME!



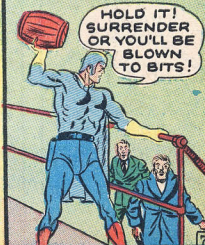
MEANWHILE, THE CAPTAIN OF THE LINER AND SOME OF HIS BRAVE MEN BOARD THE ENEMY CRAFT.



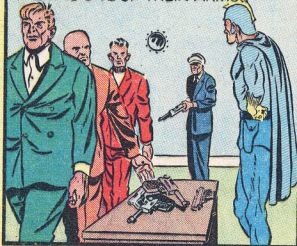
BLUE BOLT DARTS BACK TO THE DECK JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE CAPTAIN'S MEN REPULSED..



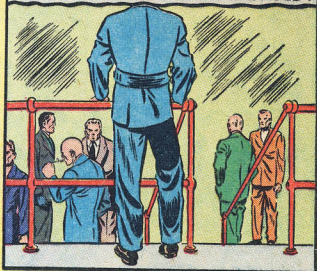
THEN, FACING THE ENEMY COMMANDER, HE SHOUTS..



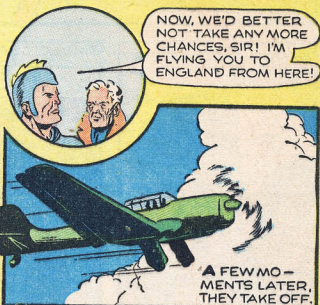
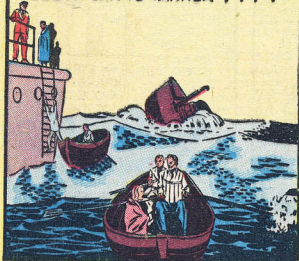
RECOGNIZING DEFEAT, THE ENEMY SURRENDERS. **BLUE BOLT** FORCES THEM TO GIVE UP THEIR ARMS.



... THEN HE LOCKS THEM IN THE HOLD.



THE SURVIVORS OF THE LINER ARE PICKED UP. THEN **BLUE BOLT** CONFIDES A PLAN TO TANNER . . .



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY TAKE OFF.

AFTER A NUMBER OF HOURS, THEY SIGHT ENGLAND..

THERE SHE IS! THAT TIGHT LITTLE ISLE!



WHERE **BLUE BOLT** TURNS HIS WARDS OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS . .

BLUE BOLT, YOU HAVE DONE A SERVICE NOT ONLY TO ME BUT TO THE WORLD.... MY THANKS IS ..

FORGET IT, SIR .. AND GOOD LUCK!



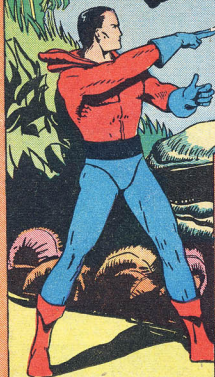
SHORTLY AFTER, **BLUE BOLT** ARRIVES AT BERTOFF'S STRONG-HOLD . .

BLUE BOLT, YOU HAVE DONE NOBLY, BUT THERE IS STILL ANOTHER DANGEROUS MISSION TO PERFORM!

I'M READY, SIR!

WHAT IS THIS MISSION? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT..**

SUB-ZERO



SUB-ZERO MAN...ONLY SURVIVOR OF AN EXPEDITION FROM VENUS THROUGH THE VAST EXPANSE OF FRIGID SPACE...HAS MASTERED THE VARIOUS DEGREES OF COLD...THIS ABILITY HE UTILIZES FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!

SUB-ZERO'S FIRST CLIENT...

I'M DR. HOWARD, HEAD OF THE HOWARD SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH FOUNDATION/I NEED YOUR HELP IN FINDING DR. MARTIN---

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO DIS-APPEARED IN SOUTH AMERICA? THE NEWSPAPERS SAID HE WAS SEEKING A NEW PITCHBLEND DEPOSIT!



THE PRESS WAS MISTAKEN! MARTIN WAS INVESTIGATING RE-PORTS OF A SPECIES OF RATS THAT, LIKE LEGENDARY VAMPIRES...POUNCE ON THE THROATS OF HUMAN BEINGS, AND SUCK THEIR BLOOD UNTIL THEY DIE!



AN UNEVENTFUL TRIP...SO FAR! NOW TO FIND A NATIVE GUIDE TO TAKE US INTO THE INTERIOR!

SOUTH AMERICA AT LAST!



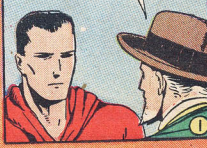
BUT WHEN HOWARD AP-PROACHES A NATIVE---

WE WANT TO GO UP THE RIO DE LA NOCHE... EL MUERTO... EL MUERTO!

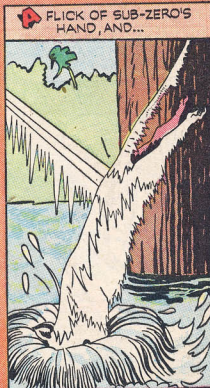


WHAT DID HE SAY?

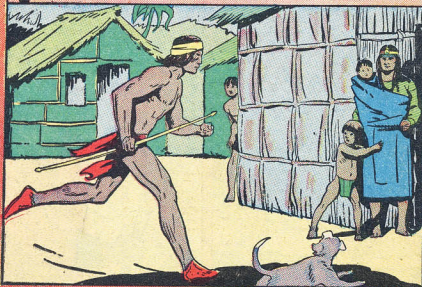
IT APPEARS OUR DESTINATION IS NOT UNKNOWN HERE! THE WORD HE SAID WAS... **DEATH!**







THE INDIAN RACES TO A VILLAGE HIDDEN DEEP IN THE JUNGLE!



HE STOPS AT A MODERN COTTAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE!



BACK IN THE JUNGLE...

HEAR THAT? SOUNDED LIKE THE SCREECH OF A MONKEY-- AND THERE'S ANOTHER!



I THEENK EET MAN... NOT MONKEY!--A SEEGNAL!



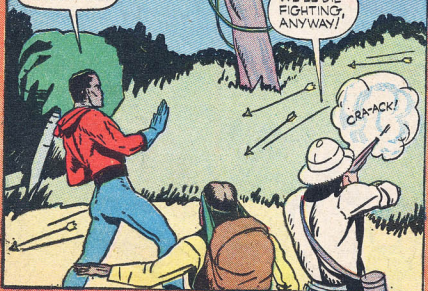
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY--



AMBUSHED!

WE'LL DIE FIGHTING, ANYWAY!

CRA-ACK!



A FREEZING WIND TURNS ASIDE THE ARROWS!

YOU DON'T CALL THIS A FIGHT, DO YOU, DOCTOR? LOOK AT THEM **RUN!**



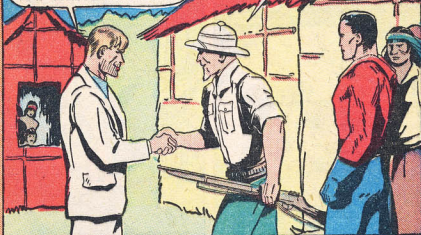
THE ROUTED WARRIORS
COWER IN THEIR HUTS...

LOOK! THE ICE
GOD COMES!



MY NAME'S DR. TRASK... I
JUST HEARD ABOUT THE
ATTACK! FORGIVE MY FRIENDS-
THEY ALWAYS BEHAVE THAT
WAY WITH STRANGERS!

CURIOUS BEHAVIOUR!
BUT TELL ME, HAVE
YOU EVER MET
A DR. MARTIN?



THE MAN FROM THE
FOUNDATION? OF
COURSE!--I
REGRET TO SAY
HE WAS KILLED
BY A VAMPIRE
RAT!

MARTIN...
DEAD?
SAY... I'VE
HEARD OF
BLOOD-
SUCKING
BATS... BUT
NEVER RATS!

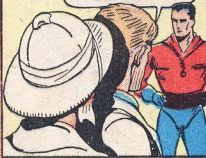


ODDLY ENOUGH--THE RATS
COME ONLY WHEN STRANGERS
COME... THAT'S WHY THE
VILLAGERS DON'T LIKE
STRANGERS!



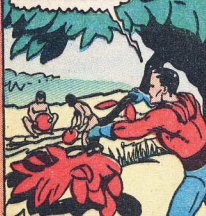
WELL... MIND IF WE PITCH OUR
TENT NEARBY? I'D LIKE
VERY MUCH TO
OBSERVE ONE
OF THOSE
RATS!

DELIGHTED!
AND I'D LIKE
VERY MUCH TO
OBSERVE YOUR
FRIEND... HIS ABILITY
TO FREEZE AROUSES
MY CURIOSITY!



IS HIS FRIENDS PITCH CAMP,
SUB-ZERO DOES SOME
OBSERVING OF HIS OWN!

THOSE INDIANS
IN THE RIVER ARE
PANNING GOLD!



THE JUNGLE NIGHT FALLS...

BUENAS NOCHES,
SEÑORES... I SHALL
STAND GUARD!

KEEP
YOUR EYES
PEELED,
PEDRO!



AN HOUR LATER---

HELP!



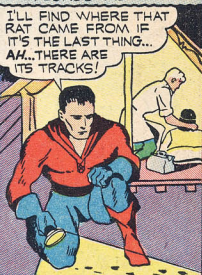
A FLASHLIGHT REVEALS...



AN ICY SHAFT UNLOCKS THE RAT'S RAVENOUS JAWS...



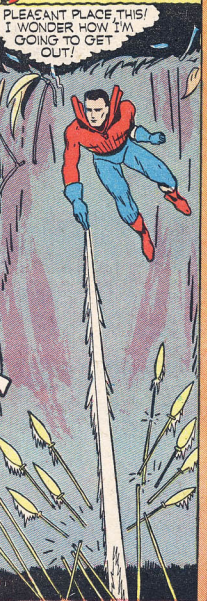
AS HOWARD GOES TO PEDRO'S AID---



MEANWHILE...



SHATTERING THE SPEARS...



THESE SPEARS
MAKE AN EXCELLENT
LADDER!

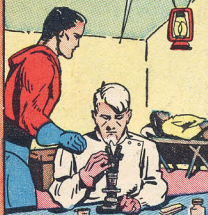


THE TRACKS OF THE VAMPIRE
RAT LEAD SUB-ZERO ON, AND
SUDDENLY...



HOW'S PEDRO?

HE DIED LESS THAN TEN MINUTES AFTER HE WAS BITTEN!



BUT THE RAT DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SUCK HIS BLOOD-- UNLESS IT PIERCED HIS JUGULAR VEIN...

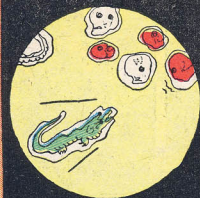
THE RAT WAS NOT THE KILLER! IT WAS ONLY THE AGENT OF DEATH! **THE REAL VAMPIRE IS TRAPPED IN THIS MICROSCOPE! LOOK!**



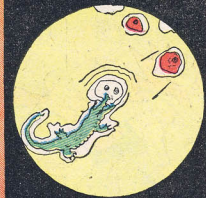
THE SLIDE BEARS A SPECIMAN OF PEDRO'S BLOOD-- WATCH CLOSELY AND YOU WILL SEE THE **MURDERER!**



"BEHOLD THE VICTIM...A LIFE-GIVING RED CORPUSCLE! AND APPROACHING IT IS THE GREEN VAMPIRE GERM--"



"--A FIGHTING WHITE CORPUSCLE RUSHES TO THE RESCUE, BUT--"

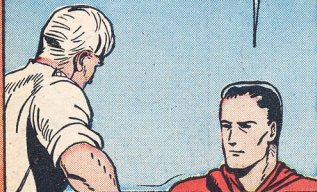


"--DISPOSING OF THE FIGHTER, THE VAMPIRE POUNCES ON ITS PREY--PEDRO'S BLOOD FAIRLY TEEMED WITH THESE KILLERS!"



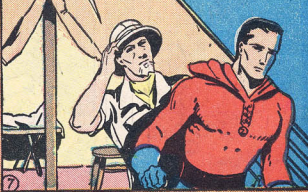
THE GERMS WERE CARRIED IN THE RAT'S SALIVA! CURIOUSLY, THE ONLY EFFECT THE MICROBES HAD ON THE RAT WAS TO MAKE IT MAD!

BUT HOW WERE THE GERMS TRANSMITTED TO THE RAT...LIKE RABIES?



POSSIBLY--BUT I DISCOVERED THE MARK OF A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN ONE OF THE DEAD RAT'S LEGS!

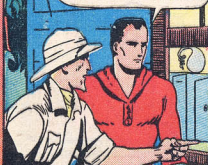
THAT MEANS DR. TRASK INJECTED THE GERMS INTO THE RAT! NICE FELLOW... **LET'S GO!**



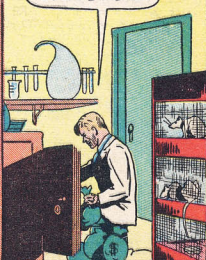
THEY HURRY TO TRASK'S COTTAGE...

GOLD! HE MUST BE RICH AS MIDAS!

PROBABLY SCARED THE NATIVES INTO PANNING IT FOR HIM... AND KEPT STRANGERS AWAY FOR FEAR THEY'D MUSCLE IN ON HIS RACKET!



MY CHILLY FRIEND ESCAPED ME TWICE...BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE AGAIN!



I'LL SEND YOU AND A WHOLE TROOP OF YOUR PALS INTO THEIR TENT...THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



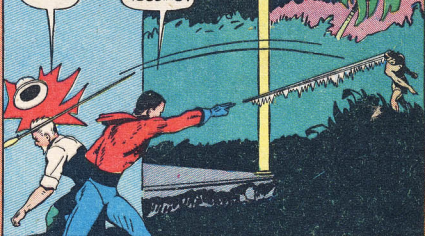
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



BUT ONE OF TRASK'S GUARDS SPOTS THE EAVESDROPPERS...

OW!

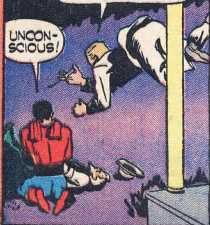
THIS'LL STOP YOUR SPEAR-TOSSING!



THE GUARD IS FROZEN, BUT TRASK HEARS DR. HOWARD'S CRY!

VISITING, EH? WELL... HERE'S HOW I RECEIVE GUESTS LIKE YOU!

UNCON-SCIOUS!

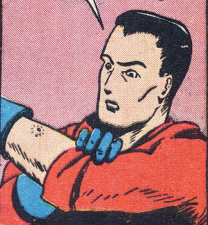


FELLED BY TRASK, SUB-ZERO TURNS ON THE ICE!

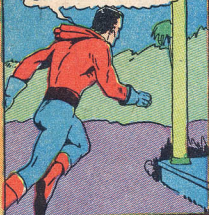
FROZEN TO DEATH! THAT PAYS FOR DR. MARTIN AND PEDRO!



TRASK MUST HAVE JABBED ME IN THE STRUGGLE... I'VE BEEN INJECTED WITH THE VAMPIRE GERM!



TRASK MUST HAVE DEVISED A SERUM FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION...IN CASE HE GOT BITTEN ACCIDENTALLY! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THOSE GERMS WORK FAST!



SUDDENLY HE STOPS...

I...I FEEL SO SLEEPY... THOSE LITTLE KILLERS ARE WORKING--I'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT-- SOMEHOW!



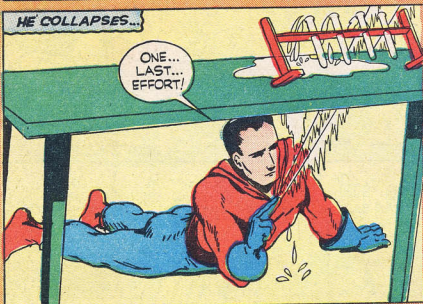
... STRAINING HIS GLAZING EYES...

THE SERUM... IN THOSE TEST TUBES...A FEW MORE STEPS... IF I CAN ONLY MAKE IT!



HE COLLAPSES...

ONE... LAST... EFFORT!



HE FREEZES THE DRIPPING SERUM...INTO A NEEDLE OF ICE!

OW...NOW TO LET IT THAW... CIRCULATE IN THE BLOOD... A SMALL DOSE WILL SUFFICE...



SOON AFTER...

IT WORKED!



I FEEL AS IF I'D BEEN HIT WITH A TELEPHONE POLE!

A NASTY CREASE... BUT YOU'LL GET OVER IT!



LATER... HOMEWARD BOUND---

I PROPOSE A TOAST TO DR. MARTIN AND PEDRO! EACH, IN HIS OWN WAY, WAS A MARTYR FOR SCIENCE!

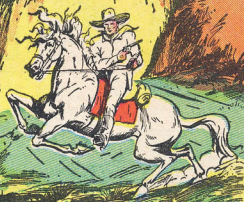
RIGHT! GOOD THING YOU WIPED OUT THOSE GERMS! IF THEY HAD SPREAD, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE THAN A BLACK PLAGUE!



Another
thrilling
SUB-ZERO
ADVENTURE
in the
next...
BLUE BOLT
comics

The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

SUPER HORSE. THAT AMAZING ANIMAL OF MIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE, PRODUCT OF A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE INTENSE PULL OF GRAVITY RESULTED IN HIS ABNORMAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, CONTINUES TO WORK WITH HIS MASTER, THE WHITE RIDER, IN HELPING THE WEAK AND OPPRESSED.



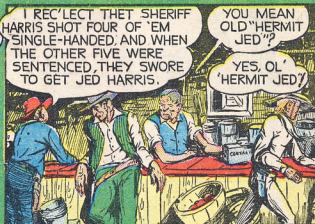
I'M TELLIN' YUH, THE KALTON GANG'S KILLED TWO GUARDS AN' ESCAPED JUST LAST WEEK!

THEY ALL SERVED TIME ABOUT TWENTY YEAR BACK.

I REC'LECT THET SHERIFF HARRIS SHOT FOUR OF 'EM SINGLE-HANDED, AND WHEN THE OTHER FIVE WERE SENTENCED, THEY SWORE TO GET JED HARRIS.

YOU MEAN OLD "HERMIT JED"?

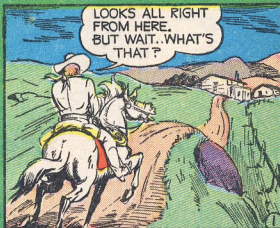
YES, OL' 'HERMIT JED!



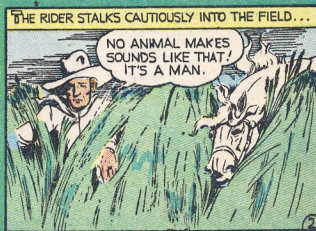
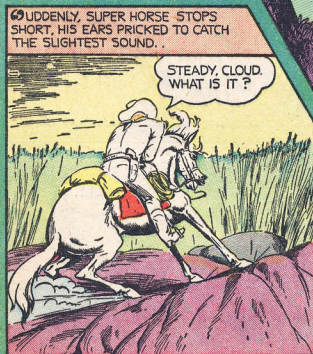
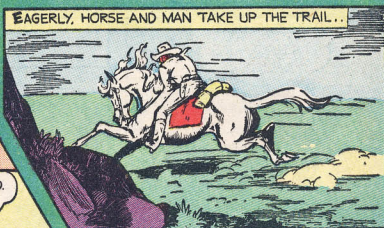
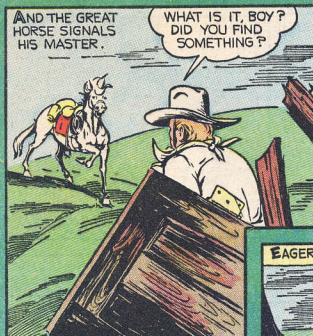
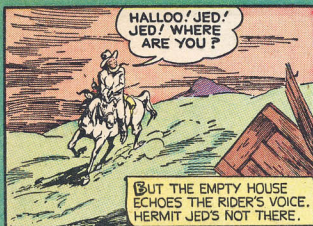
THE WHITE RIDER, ON SUPER HORSE, RACES FOR THE RANCH OF THEIR FRIEND...

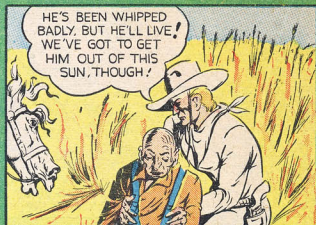
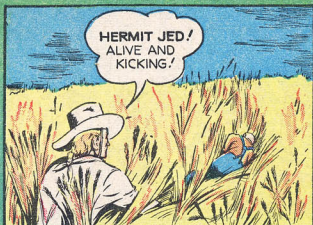


THE KALTONS ARE LOOSE, BOY. WE'VE GOT TO WARN "HERMIT" JED!

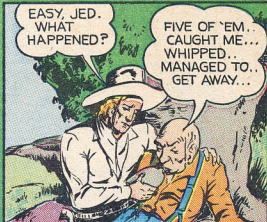
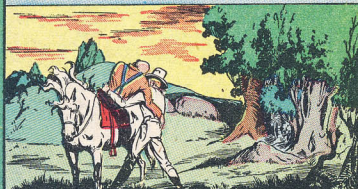


LOOKS ALL RIGHT FROM HERE, BUT WAIT..WHAT'S THAT?

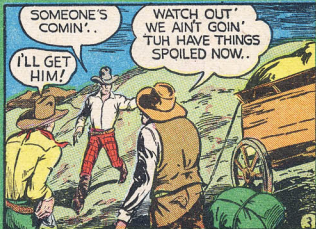
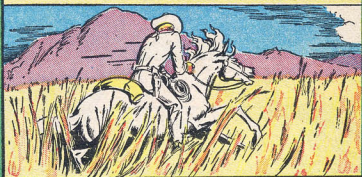




THE RIDER LIFTS JED TO THE BACK OF SUPER HORSE
AND THEY CARRY HIM TO A GROVE OF TREES...



THE POUNDING HOOF OF SUPER HORSE DRUM OUT A
SHARP TATTOO AS HE AND THE RIDER SEEK OUT THE
KILLER GANG...



THE RIDER'S DEADLY AIM SAVES HIS LIFE.

WHAT DO YUH WANT?

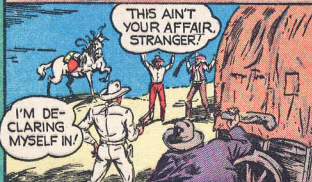
A WORD ABOUT JED HARRIS! LINE UP OVER THERE! ALL OF YOU!



THE RIDER PACES TOWARD THE GROUP, OBLIVIOUS OF CLOUD'S DANGER WARNING.

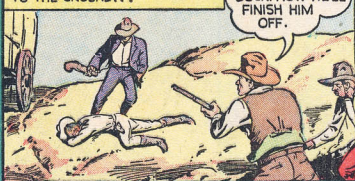
THIS AIN'T YOUR AFFAIR, STRANGER!

I'M DECLARING MYSELF IN!



THE HIDDEN KILLER STRIKES — AND THE WHITE RIDER SLUMPS TO THE GROUND...

GOOD WORK, BUCK. NOW WE'LL FINISH HIM OFF.

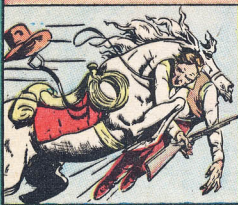


THE GANG LEADER TAKES CAREFUL AIM.

I AIN'T GOIN' TUH MISS.

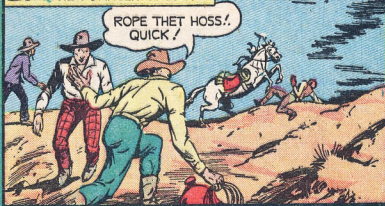


SUPER HORSE SAVES HIS MASTER

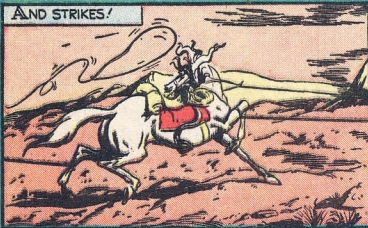


BUT A NEW DANGER COILS...

ROPE THAT HOSS! QUICK!



AND STRIKES!

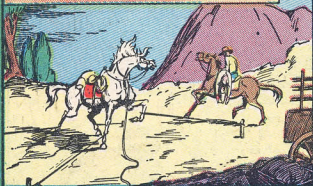


INTO THE REVENGEFUL AND CUNNING MIND OF THE LEADER COMES A DREADFUL PLAN!

STAKE THAT HOSS OUT AND ROUND UP THE CATTLE! TAKE THE MAN BACK TO THE RANCH AND BURN ALL OF IT!



CLOUD STRAINS DESPERATELY AT THE
ROPE'S AS HIS MASTER IS CARRIED OFF.



GIT THESE
WAGONS OUT O'
HERE AN' HOLD THE
CATTLE. I'LL TAKE
CARE O' THE HOSS..



BACK AT THE RANCH, THE RIDER
IS CARRIED INTO THE HOUSE AND
THE BUILDING FIRED.....



HE CONTINUES THE TRAIL
OF FIRE INTO THE WHEAT
FIELD.....

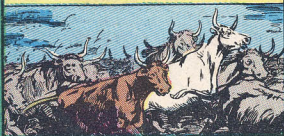


THE FIRES
ARE SET.

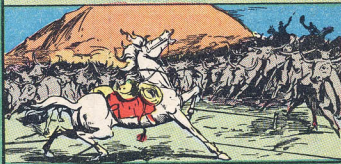
FINE! NOW HELP
STAMPEDE THE
CATTLE OVER THAT
HOSS! IF THEY DON'T
GET HIM, THE FIRE
WILL..



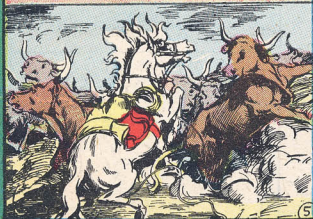
THE CATTLE STAMPEDE TOWARD THE
GALLANT HORSE WHO IS HELPLESS
UNDER THE ROPE'S...



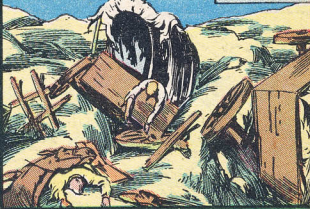
THE HERD THUNDERS ON, NEARER AND NEARER..



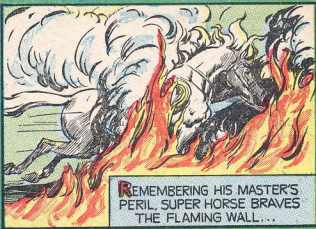
BUT SUPER HORSE'S GREAT STRENGTH FINALLY
PREVALS, AND HE TURNS THE CATTLE ON HIS
ENEMIES.



THE ANGERED HERD ROLLS OVER THE RETREATING
WAGONS, THE HORSES, AND THE KALTON S...
WHILE SUPER HORSE STARTS BACK TO HIS
MASTER.

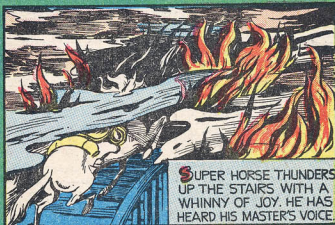
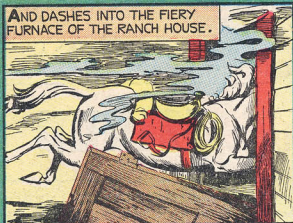


A WALL OF FLAMES BARS HIS PATH, BUT...



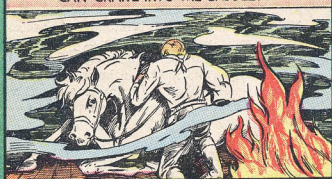
REMEMBERING HIS MASTER'S PERIL, SUPER HORSE BRAVES THE FLAMING WALL...

AND DASHES INTO THE FIERY FURNACE OF THE RANCH HOUSE.



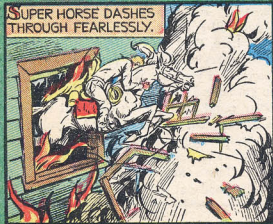
SUPER HORSE THUNDERS UP THE STAIRS WITH A WHINNY OF JOY. HE HAS HEARD HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

REALIZING HIS MASTER'S WEAKENED CONDITION, SUPER HORSE CROUCHES SO THE WHITE RIDER CAN CRAWL INTO THE SADDLE.



STAIRS GONE... THE WINDOW, CLOUD!

SUPER HORSE DASHES THROUGH FEARLESSLY.

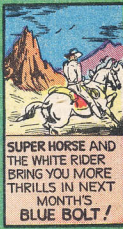


A SHORT WHILE LATER....



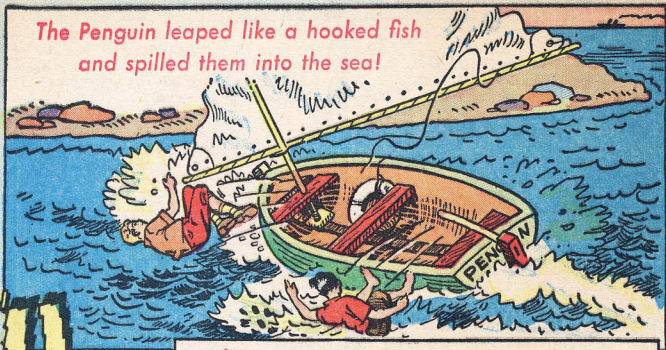
IT WAS JUST OUR DUTY, JED. NO THANKS NECESSARY.

I CAN START ALL OVER, MISTER. HOW CAN I THANK YOU?



SUPER HORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER BRING YOU MORE THRILLS IN NEXT MONTH'S BLUE BOLT!

The Penguin leaped like a hooked fish
and spilled them into the sea!



Mysterious ISLAND

HHEY, Ed-
diel" Jerry,
Edison
Bell's pal
called. "There's an old

boat out there in the marsh!" Jerry pointed to a rowboat, apparently abandoned for some time, half buried in swampy ground. They had been looking all day for an old boat they could buy—something cheap, to convert into a sail boat.

"I see it," Edison Bell said, "and it's just what we're looking for. Wonder who owns it?"

"Aw, I don't think anyone owns it—now!" Jerry laughed. "But, if we can get it out, I'll ask my father—he knows a member of the Coast Guard!"

"Well, I suppose it will be all right—if you ask about it!" Eddie replied. "I don't like to take anything without asking first."

BRIGHT and early the next morning Jerry hopped out of bed and hurried over to Eddie's garage. When he got there he found Eddie already washing down the boat.

"Hey!" Jerry teased. "I thought you weren't going to work on it until I got the okay?"

"I'm not really working on it," Eddie started to explain, "I'm only clean . . . HEY? You're not trying to tell me your father's found out who owns it, are you?"

"Take it easy," Jerry laughed, "I was only kidding! I spoke to Dad and he asked his friend. Everything's okay—there's no record of it . . . the Coast Guard said we can have it!"

"Swell! Now we can get to work!" Eddie threw

a piece of sandpaper at his pal. "Get started—the faster we work the longer we'll have to sail it!"

They worked on the dinghy for the next two weeks, scraping, sanding, and painting. When the boat was all painted, they set to work on the sails. Eddie got some unbleached muslin from his mother and they cut it into a good-sized sail.

The mast was the hardest problem. Eddie scouted around the local canoe clubs and finally ran across an old mast and boom that no one was using. He asked the manager about it and got the whole works for two dollars!

"Looks like we're finished!" Eddie smiled one day as he tested the hull and found the paint dry.

"And it looks swell too!" Jerry added. "Now we'll be able to go ahead with our plans—remember?"

"Oh, yes," Eddie answered, "the treasure! Have you still got that old map?"

"Right here, Pal!" Jerry dug into his pocket. "I've been carrying it all the time. I knew better than to remind you of it while we were working—you get so engrossed!"

"Never mind the kidding—hand it over!" Eddie smiled. "Let's see if we can't dig up a few million dollars in pieces of eight!"

They went to Eddie's house and climbed up to his den. There they settled themselves on the floor and spread out the map.

AN EDISON BELL STORY

By Ray Gill

"Right here—" Jerry placed his finger on a tiny dot, "is the island the old fisherman told me about. As I see it, it's only about five miles off the coast—we could make it very easily!"

"Wait, let me get this straight," Eddie said. "This island, so the fisherman told you, was supposed to have been visited by Captain Kidd and his pirates many years ago, right?"

"Right!" Jerry nodded his head.

Eddie studied the map. "Well, then let's go!"

They gathered together what supplies they needed, and put the boat on the trailer. Eddie rigged the small trailer to his bike and pedalled it to the bay. He and Jerry launched it with a mock ceremony.

"I hereby name you—'THE PENGUIN'!" Eddie splashed water over the boat—and on Jerry at the other side!

"Hey—I've already been christened once! But that's a good name—'Penguin'! It looks good enough to fly—but can't!"

Eddie rigged up the sail, while Jerry returned the bike. In a short time they were gliding across the waters of the bay toward the island!

"Well, Captain Bell!" Jerry rhymed, "she rides the swells well!" But he had to duck as Eddie threw a life preserver at him.

"You're quite a poet—but let's see what kind of a navigator you are! Get out the map and set a course," Eddie relaxed in the bow.

"Nothing to it, Skipper! Matter of fact I can even see the island now!" Jerry pointed to a small island as they sailed around the point into the outer bay.

"Yes, there it is all right. Not very big, though—is it?" Eddie peered through his binoculars. "It appears to be rocky, and densely wooded. The shore-line is very rough—I can't see any place to land..."

"Let me see," Jerry took the glasses. He peered hard for a minute. "Gee—I guess you're right. But, there's probably a nice beach on the other side. I'll take it around."

The Penguin heeled over gracefully as the white sail caught the wind. The boys leaned out in the other direction to hold it even.

"She rides like a dream!" Eddie remarked.

They skirted the island and sailed around to the ocean side. Here the waves were bigger, and the Penguin tossed a bit as the bow churned through the green water. Jerry headed into the wind and gave the rudder a quick twist. The Penguin turned about like a swivel-chair!

"Duck!" Jerry warned. "Here comes the boom!" The boom snapped across the cockpit and cracked open again on the other side. "We're running with the wind now! Watch her rip these waves!"

The Penguin headed straight for the island, the waves splashing in their faces. Eddie looked over the bow into the water.

He suddenly turned and exclaimed, "Hey—the water has a funny color to it! Sort of grey..." He had hardly spoken when the Penguin leaped, like a hooked fish, and spilled them both into the white-capped sea!

FOR a moment they were panic stricken. Eddie struck out for Jerry, who was tangled in the sail, fearful that he would be dragged under! He reached his friend and started to rip loose the sail cloth and rope—when Jerry looked at him with a strange expression.

"Look—I can stand up!" he exclaimed. "The water isn't even up to our chests!" He was right. The Penguin had hit a reef in shallow water. That was why the water looked grey!

"Well," Eddie laughed, "let's get this thing ashore—looks like we've got a hole in the bottom!" They were only a short distance from the pebbly beach of the island.

"Yes, and you ripped the sail—trying to save my worthless life!" Jerry held up the torn cloth. "Lucky thing we brought enough supplies to stay overnight!"

"Let's look into those rocks on the hill," Eddie suggested. "We may be able to find a cave to sleep in tonight, I'm afraid we're going to have some rain." Jerry agreed and they started up the wooded slope.

After looking about they finally found a cave—just right for the night. They went in. Eddie had his water-proof flashlight, so he led the way. The cave had an eerie feel to it—sort of damp and ghostly.

"Eddie," Jerry was really scared, "I'm—I'll look around for another cave!" He dashed for the entrance, only to find that the world outside was enjoying a heavy downpour! "Hey! It's raining!" He turned to Eddie. "What'll we do?"

Eddie knew that if he showed Jerry he, too, was frightened, there'd be no holding him. He said, "Take it easy, Pal—it's nice and dry in here. Besides, Captain Kidd has been dead for hundreds of years!"

"I know," Jerry answered, his voice quivering, "but that's all the more reason why I wouldn't want to meet him here tonight!" A bright flash of lightning, followed by a low rumble, punctuated his exclamation.

Eddie put out the flashlight, not wanting to waste the batteries, and sat down in the corner of the cave—to wait for morning.

"Hey, don't do that!" Jerry hurried toward where Eddie sat—but suddenly tripped over something on the cave floor! Eddie sprang to his feet and flicked on the light. "What is it?"

Jerry put his hand to his throat, horrified at what he saw!

"Bones!" Eddie exclaimed. "Big, white bones!"

(Continued next month.)

RUNAWAY

Ronson

STREAM ENGINEER



DISASTER STRIKES AT THE CRACK MOUNTAIN LIMITED! ROARING MOTORS BURST INTO FLAME! ...TIES ARE TORN UP FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE AND HURLED UPON COACH IS CRUMBLING LIKE MATCH STICKS... AND CHROME-STEEL BENDS AND TWISTS AS IF IN THE JAWS OF A HUGE AND POWERFUL PAIR OF TONGS...

AS SCREAMS AND MOANS OF HORROR COME FROM THE DEBRIS...



CRITICALLY WOUNDED PASSENGERS CRAWL OUT ONTO THE ROCKY SLOPES OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.



THE CRACKLING LAUGH OF DEATH BELLOWS THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN PASS AS ITS COLD, ICY HAND REACHES INTO EVERY CAR OF THE WRECK!



FROM THE TWISTED INFERNO THAT WAS ONCE THE POWERFUL SUPER LIMITED, THE ENGINEER, RUNAWAY RONSON, CARRIES THE LIMP BODY OF HIS OILER, PAT, WHO WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE TRE-MENDOUS IMPACT.



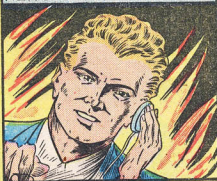
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT ME FOR A WHILE, PAT—I HAVE TO GET TO THE TELEGRAPH SET AND CALL FOR HELP!



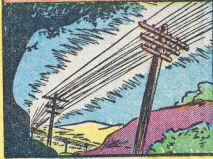
YEEOW—THIS PLACE IS AS HOT AS A BLAST-FURNACE! HERE'S THAT WIRELESS—A LITTLE BENT.... BUT IT LOOKS OKAY!



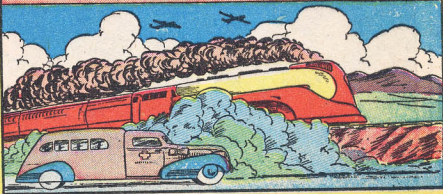
BEFORE LONG, RUNAWAY'S FINGERS CLICK OUT THE NEWS OF THE DISASTER.



AT ONCE, COMMUNICATION LINES ARE CLEARED AND THE EMERGENCY MESSAGE IS RELAYED TO ALL POINTS NEAR THE WRECK....



EVEN BEFORE THE MESSAGE IS FINISHED, EMERGENCY CREWS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE RESCUE....



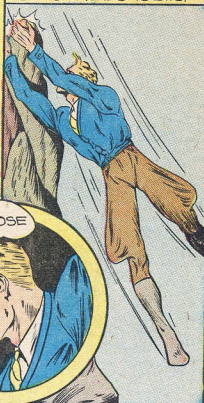
REMAINING AT HIS WIRELESS, RUNAWAY FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED BY THE ENGULFING FLAMES..... SAVE ONLY A SMALL WINDOW.



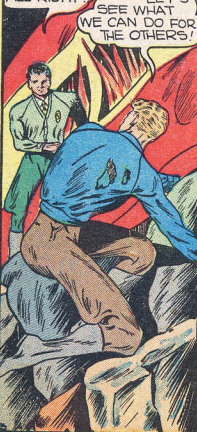
GRASPING A PART OF THE FRAMEWORK, RUNAWAY SWINGS AND CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW... ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF DROPPING INTO THE ABYSS BELOW...



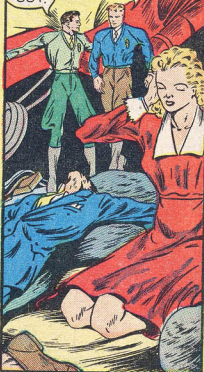
HIS POWERFUL ARM STRIKES OUT, GRASPING A JUTTING ROCK — SAVING HIM FROM BEING DASHED TO BITS!



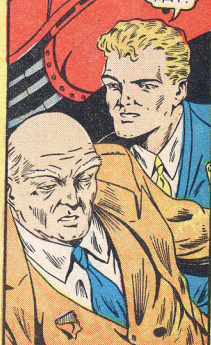
RUNAWAY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



THERE'S AN OLD MAN UP THE LINE WHO'S BEEN MUMBLING SOMETHING CONSTANTLY/SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT!



THEY'RE AFTER ME ALWAYS—THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT THEY WANT!!



"THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT THEY WANT!" PAT—THIS MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS CRACK UP! C'MON—START LOOKING FOR A DOCTOR AND MAYBE WE CAN BRING HIM TO!



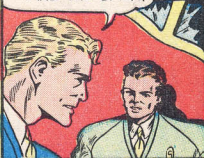
RETURNING WITH A DOCTOR, RUNAWAY FINDS THE OLD MAN HAS DISAPPEARED!

PERHAPS HE WANDERED OFF BY HIMSELF! HE COULDN'T HAVE— HIS LEG WAS BADLY INJURED!



RUNAWAY RUNS TO THE END OF THE LAST COACH.....

THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON AROUND HERE, PAT! SEARCH THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN...I'LL TAKE THE BACK!



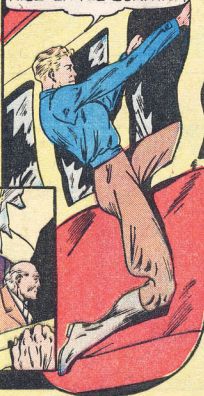
THIS IS GOING TO BE WORSE THAN LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAY-STACK!



THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, EH, GRUBER? WHERE DID YOU HIDE THAT \$2,000,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS ON THE TRAIN? MY ARM—YOU ARE BREAKING IT!



IT'S THE OLD MAN, ALL RIGHT! NOW TO GET IN THIS WINDOW AND GIVE WHOEVER IS IN THERE WITH HIM A NICE LITTLE SURPRISE!



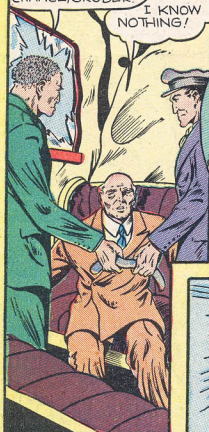
I HAVE NO DIAMONDS! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!

SURE! WE USE A HOSE ON HIM, FRITZ—HE WILL TELL US WHERE HE HID THEM!

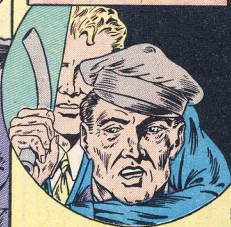


THIS IS YOUR LAST
CHANCE, GRUBER!

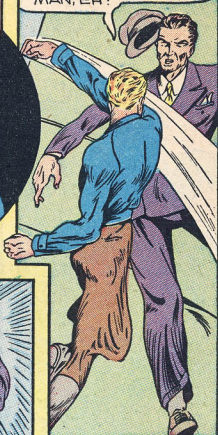
I KNOW
NOTHING!



JUST THEN — A POWERFUL
ARM CIRCLES THE THUG'S
NECK.... AND HE IS YANKED
OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT!



USE A HOSE ON AN OLD
MAN, EH?



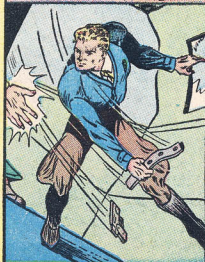
SEE WHAT'S UP, KARL!
ONE FALSE MOVE
OUT OF YOU, GRUBER,
AND YOU'RE A
GONER!



.... AND THEN SENDS
HIM SPRAWLING
INTO HIS FELLOW
GUN-MAN....

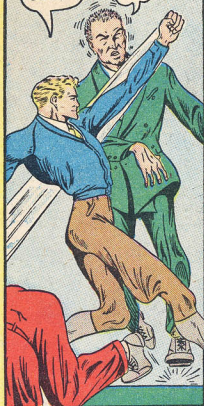


BUT— RUNAWAY, ALWAYS
ON THE ALERT, KNOCKS
THE GUN OUT OF KARL'S
HAND....

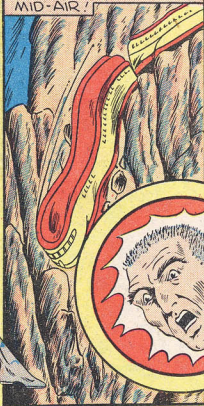


YOU DON'T WANT
THAT
GUN,
BUD!

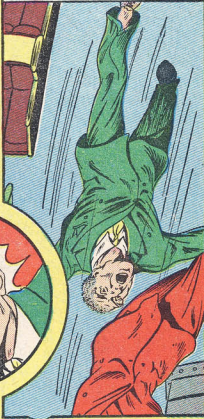
UGH!



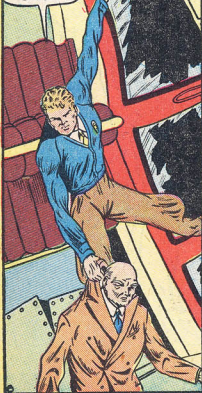
BELOW THE CAR, THE ROCKS
BEGIN TO BREAK AWAY...
AND SUDDENLY, THE COACH
DROPS AND DANGLES IN
MID-AIR!



INSIDE, THE GUN-MEN ARE
THROWN DOWN TO THE END
OF THE COACH....



I'VE GOT YOU, GRUBER!
WE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB
THROUGH THE WINDOW
AND UP THE
SIDE!



THE COUPLING THAT CONNECTS
THIS CAR TO THE ONE ABOVE...
IT IS
BREAKING!

HOLD ON
TO ME FOR
ALL YOU'RE
WORTH!

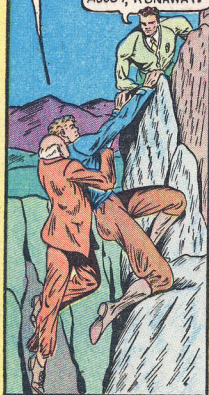


WE MADE
IT!!



SPOTTING A JUTTING ROCK,
RUNAWAY DIVES FOR IT.
A SPLIT SECOND LATER,
THE COACH BREAKS LOOSE
AND PLUNGES, WITH
THE GUN-MEN, INTO
THE ABYSS.

MY DIAMONDS—
YOU'VE
SAVED THEM!
WHAT
DIAMONDS?
WHAT'S HE
TALKING
ABOUT, RUNAWAY?



I HAVE DIAMONDS! DIAMONDS?
HERE - IN THE HOLLOW HEEL
OF MY SHOE!
HOLLOW
HEELS?
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?



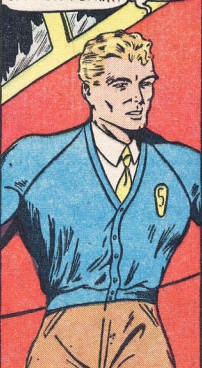
I WAS A TRUSTED DIAMOND
CUTTER FOR A COMPANY IN
AMSTERDAM! WHEN THE
BLITZKRIEG CAME, I DISGUISED
AS A REFUGEE AND SMUGGLED
THE FIRM'S MOST VALUABLE
DIAMONDS OUT OF THE
COUNTRY! I WAS INSTRUCTED
TO TAKE THEM TO CHICAGO.
I ENTERED THIS COUNTRY
LEGALLY AND PAID THE
DUTY ON THE GEMS... AND
THEN MY TROUBLES
BEGAN!



EVIDENTLY, THE HEAD OF THE
CONCERN IN HOLLAND HAS
BEEN TORTURED BY THE
BLITZERS AND FORCED TO
ADMIT HOW HE GOT THE GEMS
OUT OF THEIR CLUTCHES.
THE MEN WHO WERE AFTER
ME WERE PROBABLY AGENTS
OF THE BLITZERS AND
WRECKED THE TRAIN IN
ORDER TO GET TO ME!



EITHER THAT... OR GANGSTERS
WHO KNEW THAT IF YOU WERE
KILLED, NO ONE WOULD KNOW
ABOUT THEIR GETTING THE
DIAMONDS! WELL—THAT'S
PART OF THIS MESS CLEARED
UP! NOW FOR....

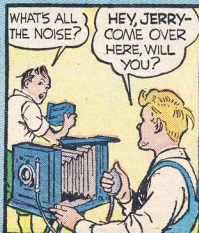
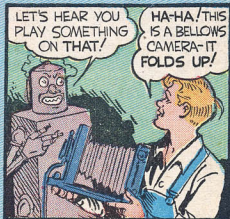
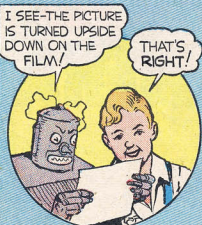
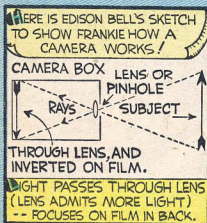
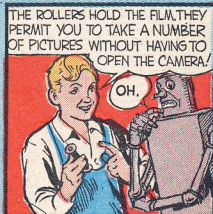
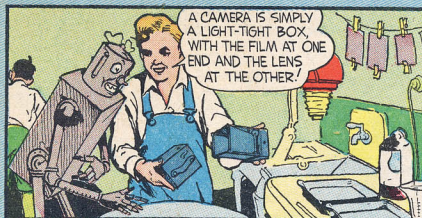
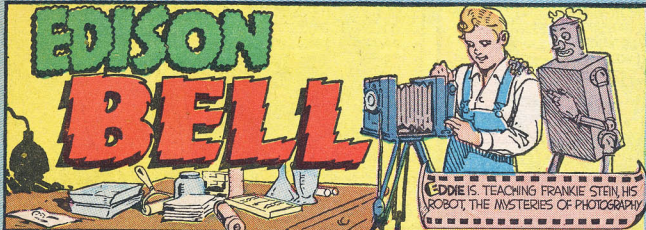


THERE SHE IS — THE
HOSPITAL TRAIN! NOW
I CAN GET THE REST
CLEARED UP.. AND YOU
CAN GET THE DIAMONDS
TO CHICAGO!



ANOTHER
EPISODE OF
RUNAWAY
RONSON
WILL APPEAR IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF BLUE BOLT
COMICS
!

EDISON BELL



NOW-WITHOUT CHANGING THE FILM, WE TAKE HIM LIKE THIS!



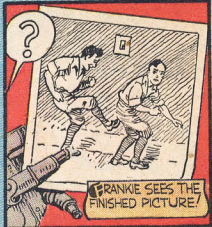
JERRY MOVES AND EDDIE TAKES A SECOND PICTURE WITHOUT MOVING THE CAMERA!

NOW WE'LL DEVELOP IT!

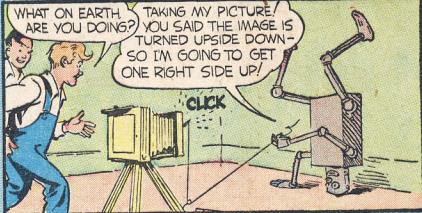


IN THE DARKROOM!

I SEE WHERE I'LL GET THE DARK END OF THE DEAL!



HAS FRANKIE SEEN YOUR CIGAR BOX CAMERA? NO, I WAS JUST GOING TO SHOW HIM!

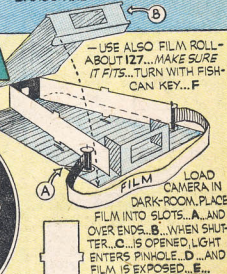
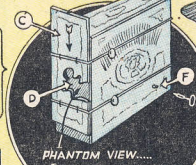
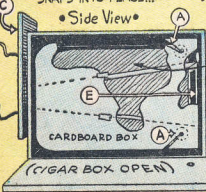


Make this CIGAR BOX PIN HOLE CAMERA

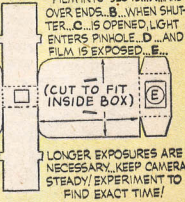
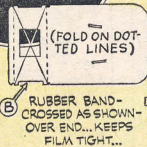
A CIGAR BOX...A SHEET OF BLACK SHOW-CARD BOARD, AND RUBBER BANDS ARE ALL YOU NEED!

HERE'S A GOOD LITTLE CAMERA THAT YOU CAN MAKE!

INSERT CARDBOARD CUT-OUT (BOTTOM RIGHT) INTO BOX!!! SHUTTER (EXTRA PIECE OF CIGAR BOX WOOD) SUSPENDED ON RUBBER BANDS--HOLE (RIGHT CIRCLE) EXPOSES PIN-HOLE WHEN PUSHED DOWN. TACKS SUPPORT BAND ON BOX... STAPLE BANDS TO SHUTTER...THESE ALSO HOLD BOX CLOSED...SHUTTER SNAPS INTO PLACE...



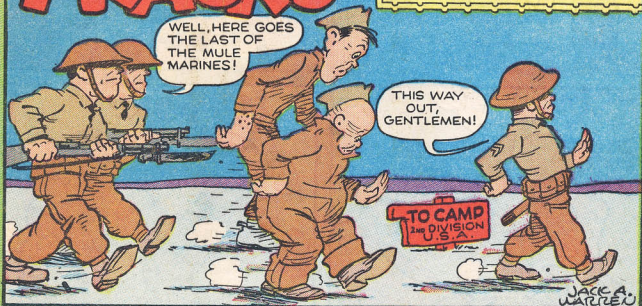
SMALL HOLE WITH RED CELLOPHANE WINDOW FOR FILM NUMBERS.



LONGER EXPOSURES ARE NECESSARY...KEEP CAMERA STEADY! EXPERIMENT TO FIND EXACT TIME!

PONY-TRACKS

KRISKO AND JASPER, TWO COWBOYS, ARE OUT TO SEE THE WORLD. THEY RAN AWAY FROM A DUDE RANCH, TRIED TO JOIN THE ARMY BUT WERE REJECTED...THEY THEN BOUGHT CAPTAIN UNIFORMS AND WERE THROWN INTO THE GUARD HOUSE BECAUSE THEY DID NOT KNOW ENOUGH TO SALUTE THE GENERAL. A COURT MARTIAL HAS BEEN HELD, AND NOW . . .



JACK A. WARREN

NOW, WHATA WE DO? UNCLE SAMMY DON'T WANT US, WE'RE NOT ON SPEAKIN' TERMS WITH A JOB, CHUCK OR DINERO SO COME ON **BIG BRAIN**, YOU KNOW ALL TH' ANSWERS!



STOP FOLLERIN' ME! YOU AND ME IS TAKIN' SEPARATE TRAILS FROM HERE ON! I'M TRAVELIN' ALONE... **SAVVY?**

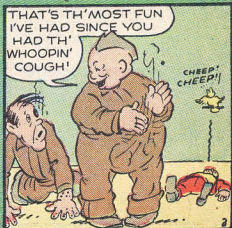
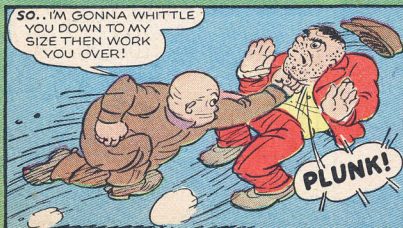
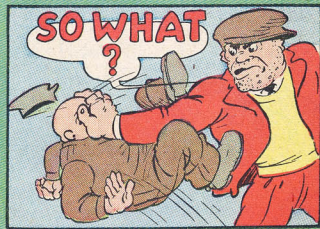
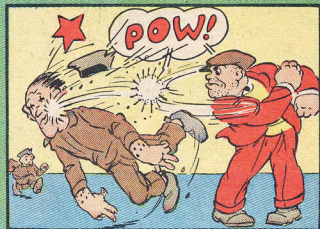
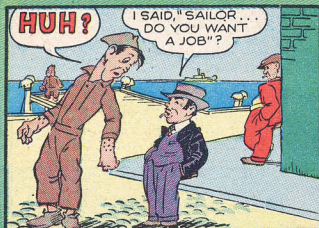


HUMPH! "GONNA SEE TH' WORLD." YOU SAID! WHY-O-WHY DID I LISTEN TO YOUR LOCO IDEAS?

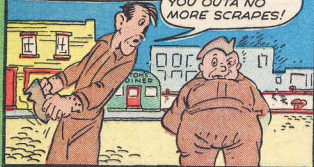


I'M THROUGH, DONE, QUILTS, SAVVY? I DON'T WANT TO SEE OR EVER HEAR OF YOU NO MORE, I DON'T! YOU ARE OLD MAN TROUBLE AND BAD LUCK TO ME, YOU MANGY, KNOCK-KNEED, STRING HALTED, FAT HEAD! YOU... YOU...

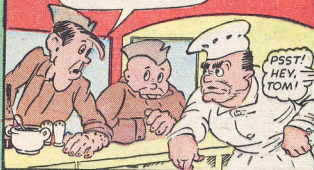




WELL...ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE AND SINKERS WITH YOU... BUT DON'T GET TH' IDEA I'M RELENTIN' NONE WHATEVER... I AIN'T GONNA PULL YOU OUTA NO MORE SCRAPES!



TWO CUPS OF JAVA AND SINKERS, AND PICK OUT TH' BIG ONES. .MY PODNER IS BUYIN', SO MAKE IT PRONTO!



HEY, TOM! SLIP A KNOCKOUT PILL INTO THEIR CUPS OF COFFEE! MIKE AND ME HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH EM'!



I DON'T KNOW FOR WHY THESE PILLS, BUT CHARLIE TH' CHIZZLER SAYS DO IT...SO I DO IT!



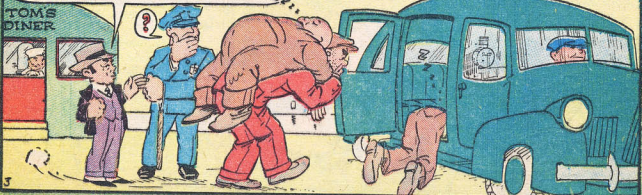
YEH, I SAYS TO THAT BIG MAVERICK, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" AND AT THE SAME TIME I SLUG A HEAVY RIGHT TO..HIS...J.J.J.J.ZZ..ZZ.Z.Z...

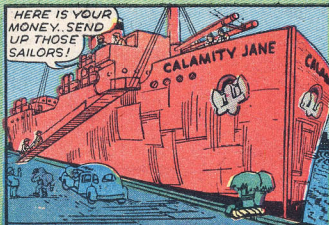
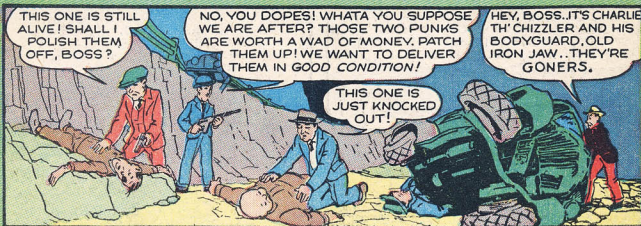
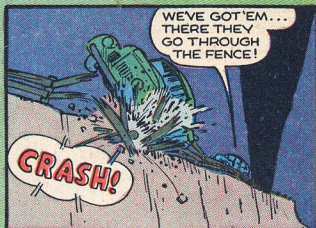
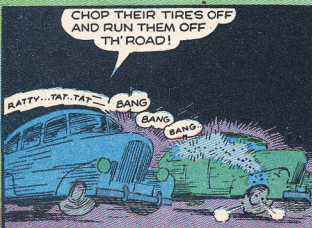


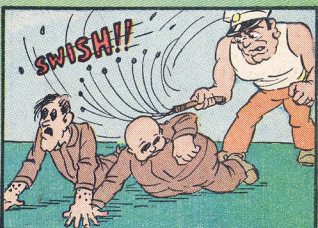
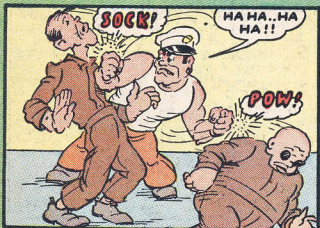
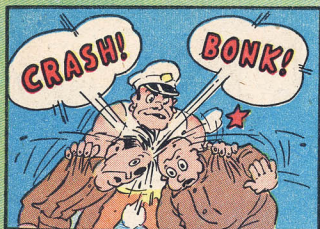
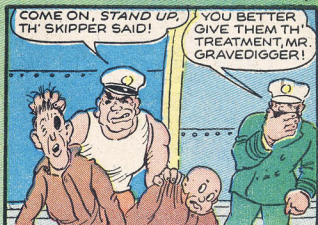
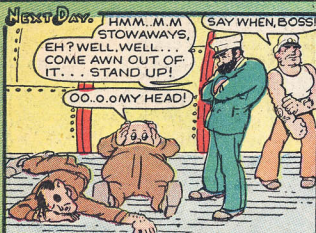
TISK, TISK!! MY MAN, DON'T BE SO CRUDE.. BESIDES, THAR'S MONEY IN THEM THAR PILLS!



JUST A COUPLA PALS WITH A SKIN-FULL OF "PRUNE JUICE", OFFICER! &...





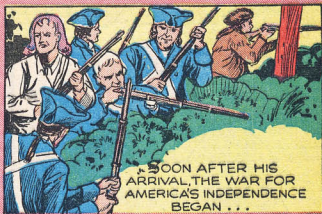
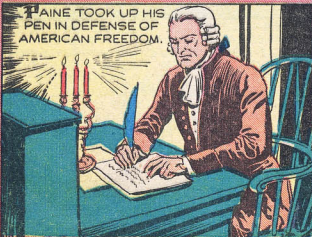


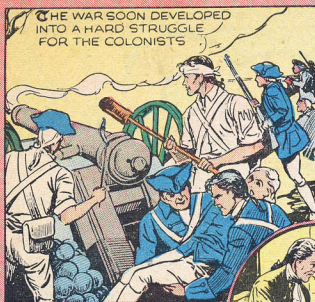
OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

THE RETIRED MARINER TELLS HIS YOUNG FRIEND JOEY, ANOTHER TALE OF A GREAT AMERICAN AND THE WORDS THAT HE MADE FAMOUS.

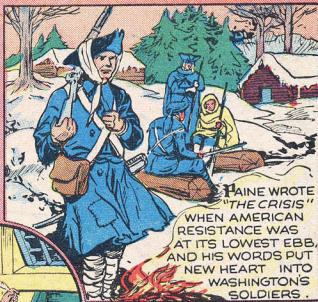
LADDIE, WHEN I READ THE NEWS TODAY, I KNOW WHAT THOMAS PAINE MEANT WHEN HE SAID:

"These are times that try men's souls!"

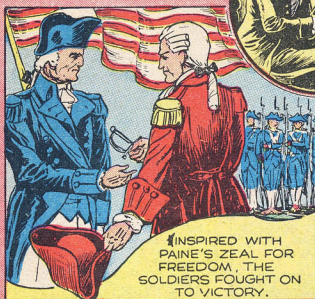




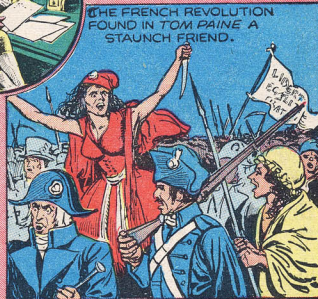
THE WAR SOON DEVELOPED INTO A HARD STRUGGLE FOR THE COLONISTS



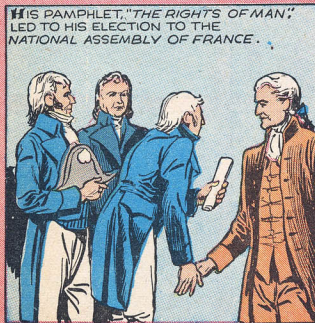
PAINÉ WROTE "THE CRISIS" WHEN AMERICAN RESISTANCE WAS AT ITS LOWEST EBB, AND HIS WORDS PUT NEW HEART INTO WASHINGTON'S SOLDIERS.



INSPIRED WITH PAINÉ'S ZEAL FOR FREEDOM, THE SOLDIERS FOUGHT ON TO VICTORY.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION FOUND IN TOM PAINÉ A STAUNCH FRIEND.



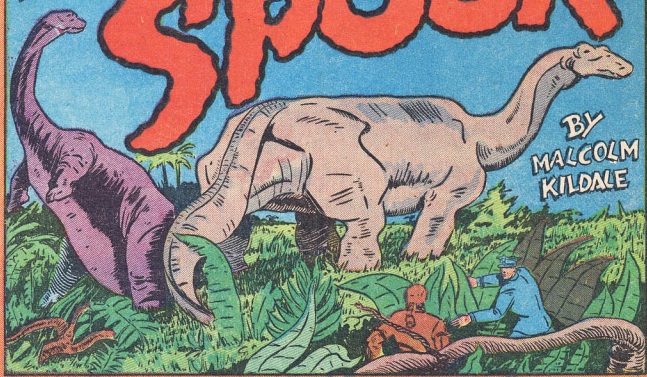
HIS PAMPHLET, "THE RIGHTS OF MAN," LED TO HIS ELECTION TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF FRANCE.



AT THE TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI, PAINÉ FOUGHT FOR MERCY FOR THE KING, BUT DESPITE PAINÉ'S PLEA, LOUIS DIED ON THE GUILLOTINE.

Sergeant Spook

BY
MALCOLM
KILDAL



Sergeant Spook.

-THE GHOST OF A DEAD COP, IS, AT THE MOMENT, LIVING IN GHOST TOWN; A TOWN WHERE ALL GHOSTS, OF ALL AGES, AND OF ALL COUNTRIES, LIVE IN PEACE UNDER A DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

AT TIMES WEIRD NOISES AND SOUNDS ECHO THROUGH THE STREETS OF GHOST TOWN, CREATING SUCH FEAR AMONG THE PEOPLE THAT THEY FLEE IN TERROR.



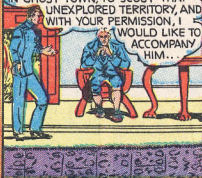
THE PRESIDENT OF THE GHOST TOWN, GEORGE WASHINGTON, BECOMES DEEPLY CONCERNED OVER THE SITUATION AND CALLS IN SERGEANT SPOOK.



YOUR EXCELLENCY, IT IS KNOWN THAT THE SOUNDS COME FROM ACROSS THE HIGH MOUNTAIN THAT BORDERS GHOST TOWN ON THE WEST.



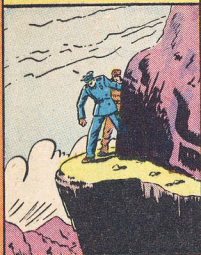
NOW, I WOULD SUGGEST YOU ASK DANIEL BOONE, THE GREATEST SCOUT IN GHOST TOWN, TO SCOUT THAT UNEXPLORED TERRITORY, AND WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WOULD LIKE TO ACCOMPANY HIM...



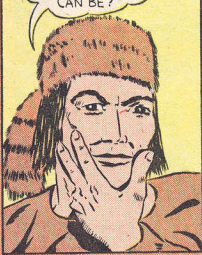
EAGER FOR ADVENTURE, BOONE READILY ACCEPTS WASHINGTON'S OFFER, AND BOTH HE AND SPOOK SET OUT ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN..



HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAIN, SPOOK AND BOONE MAKE THEIR WAY OVER TREACHEROUS PASSES...



THE NOISE IS MUCH LOUDER NOW... I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN..



THE PAIR REACH THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN PEAK...

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK, BOONE, THERE'S A JUNGLE ON THIS SIDE!

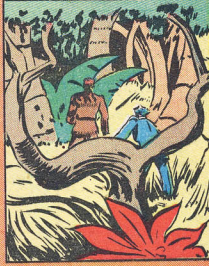


COME ON, LET'S GET DOWN THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT ALL THE NOISE IS..

RIGHT—LET'S GO!



THE PAIR ENTER THE DENSE JUNGLE..



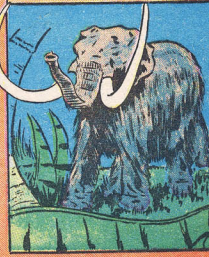
LOOK, SPOOK! LOOK AT THIS! WHAT A FOOT PRINT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY A TREMENDOUS ANIMAL!



YES, AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT IS MAKING ALL THE NOISE... BUT, LISTEN!—SOMETHING COMING THIS WAY!



THE INTREPID PAIR DIVE INTO THE BUSHES AS A HUGE PRE-HISTORIC ANIMAL... MASTODON... CRASHES PAST THEM AND ON THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



AS THE MASTODON LUMBERS ON, AND ON THROUGH THE JUNGLE..

YEOW! WHAT A BIG BABY HE IS... WHY THIS MUST BE THE PRE-HISTORIC AGE WE'RE IN..



AND THE NOISES WE'VE BEEN HEARING IN GHOST TOWN MUST BE MADE BY THESE ANIMALS!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, TURN BACK—NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE NOISE?



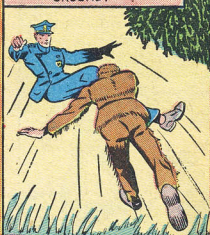
AS THE TWO START OFF THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY HEAR A ROAR... AND A SABRE-TOOTH TIGER DIVES THROUGH THE AIR AT SPOOK!



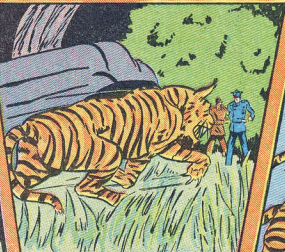
NO, LET'S GO ON... MAYBE THERE ARE CAVE MEN LIVING HERE. YOU KNOW, THERE AREN'T ANY IN GHOST TOWN...



BUT BOONE, BEING A GREAT WOODSMAN, WHEN HE HEARS THE ROAR, TACKLES SPOOK AND KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND!



AND THE TERRIBLE TIGER DIVES PAST THE FALLEN PAIR....



BUT THE BRUTE WHEELS QUICKLY ABOUT AND CHARGES THE TWO MEN...

SPOOK DRAWS HIS GHOST GUN AND FIRES.. HITTING THE TIGER IN MID-AIR...



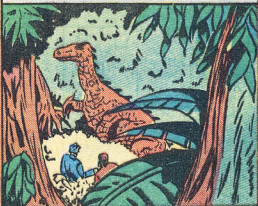
COME ON, BOONE, THAT CUTE LITTLE KITTEN IS JUST PARALYZED FOR A LITTLE WHILE AND I WANT TO PUT A LOT OF DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND US.



ON THROUGH THE PRE-HISTORIC GHOST JUNGLE TRAVEL THE TWO MEN....



HIDING, AS MONSTERS OF ANOTHER AGE CROSS THEIR PATH.



BREAKING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THE PAIR CAME TO THE EDGE OF A GREAT SWAMP.



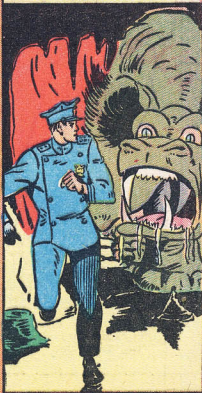
RUNNING AFTER BOONE, SPOOK LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER TO SEE WHAT HE'S RUNNING FOR.



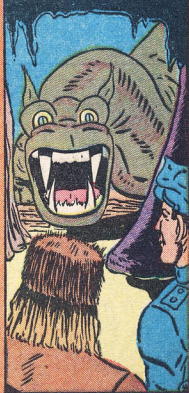
FOR CHASING THE PAIR WAS A HUGE BRONTOSAURIS, TRAVELING AT AN AMAZING RATE OF SPEED FOR HIS SIZE.



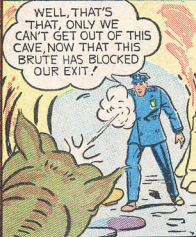
BUT SPOOK AND BOONE REACH A CAVE AS THE MONSTER'S LONG NECK REACHES OUT FOR THEM....



THE BRUTE STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THE CAVE, SNAPPING AT THEM..

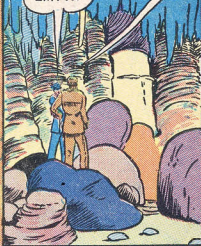


SPOOK BLASTS AWAY WITH HIS GUN, BUT IT TAKES MANY A BLAST BEFORE THE MONSTER BECOMES PARALYZED.



WELL, THAT'S THAT, ONLY WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS CAVE, NOW THAT THIS BRUTE HAS BLOCKED OUR EXIT!

THE ONLY THING TO DO IS LOOK FOR ANOTHER EXIT...



OKAY, LET'S GO!

ON TROUGH THE CAVE TRAVEL THE TWO MEN!

WHAT A CREEPY LOOKING CAVE THIS IS. IN THE MORTAL WORLD, THIS IS THE KIND OF SETTING THEY HAVE FOR GHOST STORIES. WELL, I AM ONE GHOST WHO WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT KNOWN I DON'T LIKE IT.



AS HE FOLLOWS BOONE, SPOOK SUDDENLY SLIPS AND, AS HIS FEET HIT A GREAT ROCK, THE ROCK MOVES AND SPOOK FALLS THROUGH AN OPENING -- BEFORE HE CAN CRY OUT!



DOWN
FALLS SPOOK!

UNTIL HE LANDS IN AN UNDERGROUND RIVER THAT FLOWS INTO THE GREAT SWAMP.



SPOOK FOLLOWS THE RIVER AND, FINALLY REACHING THE SWAMP, HE STARTS ACROSS IT. KNOWING HE IS LOST, BUT NOT KNOWING SAVAGE EYES ARE FOLLOWING HIS EVERY MOVE...



HOURS LATER, BOONE GIVES UP HIS SEARCH FOR SPOOK, AND HAVING FOUND ANOTHER EXIT FROM THE CAVE, HEADS FOR HELP IN GHOST TOWN.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO SERGEANT SPOOK?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DANIEL BOONE?

YOU CAN FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE

of BLUE BOLT!

the PHANTOM SUB

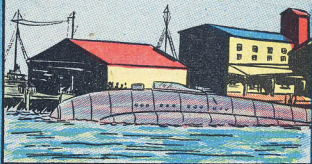
by FCS



OUTLAWS, BUT STILL TRUE-BLUE AMERICANS, THE PHANTOM CREW ROAMS THE SEAS. THEY FIGHT TO PRESERVE THE FAIR NAME AND LIBERTY OF THE UNITED STATES!

HAVING RESCUED PROFESSOR STARKSON AND HIS DAUGHTER, ALICIA, FROM THE NOTORIOUS CAPTAIN CRULE, THE PHANTOM CREW HEAD THEIR SUB TOWARD LAND.

ON A DINGY DOCK IN NEW ORLEANS, JACK DAMON AND SLIM DUGAN, THE LEADERS OF THE PHANTOM CREW, BID GOOD-BYE TO THE STARKSONS...



WELL, JACK, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU AND THE BOYS HAVE DONE.

DON'T TRY TO, SIR. TO US IT WAS A PLEASURE-AND ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH WE COULD SHOW THE WORLD THAT WE'RE NOT CRIMINALS!

THAT, JACK, IS ONE OF THE REASONS I'M HURRYING TO WASHINGTON. THE U.S. NAVY NEEDS YOUR SUB, AND I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO HAVE A COMMISSION TENDERED TO YOU BOYS AND THE PHANTOM SUB!

THAT WOULD BE FINE, PROFESSOR. IT HAS NOT BEEN EASY TO LIVE AS OUTLAWS!

WHY CAN'T I STAY ABOARD THE SUB, DAD?



NO, ALICIA,
YOU CAN'T!
IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS!

WELL, GOOD-BYE, JACK.
BUT WE'LL MEET
AGAIN. I KNOW WE
WILL! 'BYE, SLIM!

SO LONG,
ALICIA.



ALL FAREWELLS SAID, THE PHANTOM SUB
GETS UNDER WAY --

KINDA' LIKE ALICIA,
DON'T YOU? WELL, BUCK
UP, PAL. I'VE A FEELING
YOU'LL BE SEEING HER
AGAIN SOON!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY -- A SINISTER
CRIME IS TAKING PLACE --

CAREFUL NOW,
BUTCH. YOU'LL BUMP
HIS NOSE!

HAW! HAW! A
LOTTA USE HE'LL
HAVE FOR A
NOSE NOW!



WOW, HE'S
HEAVY!

YEAH, THERE'S ENOUGH
LEAD IN THIS SACK
TO SINK TEN GUYS --
NOW SWING TOGETHER.
ONE -- TWO --



THREE! GIVE
OUR REGARDS TO
THE FISHES,
COPPER!

OKAY, LET'S GO.
THE GANG'S
WAITING!



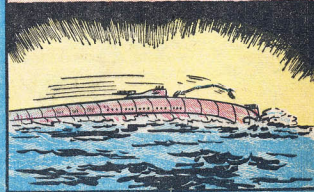
ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB, JACK AND
SLIM VIEW THE PROCEEDINGS --

JACK,
LOOK!

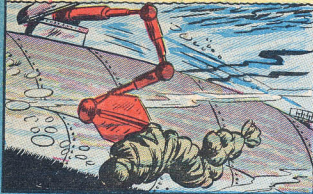
YEAH, SOMETHING
FISHY GOING ON
THERE -- FULL
SPEED AHEAD!
SWING OUT THE
CLAW!



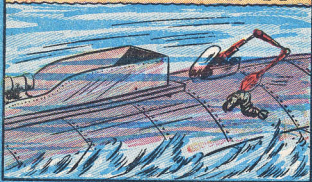
AT FULL SPEED THE PHANTOM SUB RACES
TOWARD THE RAPIDLY SINKING BUNDLE --



AS THE SUB GOES INTO A LIGHTNING DIVE, THE SALVAGE CLAW GRASPS THE BUNDLE --



THEN A QUICK REVERSAL -- THE SUB SHOOT TO THE SURFACE AND THE BUNDLE IS SWUNG ONTO THE DECK --



IT'S SHAPED LIKE THE BODY OF A MAN!

IT IS A MAN! LOOK, I'VE UNCOVERED ONE OF HIS FEET!



HE'S STILL BREATHING! WHEW, LOOK AT THOSE BLOCKS OF LEAD! THEY MEANT TO DROWN HIM SLOWLY!

NEVER MIND THE GAB-- GIVE HIM FIRST AID!



OOOH, MY HEAD! SAY, WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE ON THE PHANTOM SUB! WHY WERE YOU TIED IN A SACK AND THROWN INTO THE RIVER TO DROWN?



PHANTOM SUB, EH? I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU FELLOWS. WELL, I'M TOM GRAHAM, F.B.I. -- I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF A GANG OF SMUGGLERS, AND HAD VERY GOOD LUCK UP UNTIL TONIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



FOR TWO WEEKS I'VE BEEN AN ACCEPTED MEMBER OF THE GANG, BUT I COULD NEVER FIND OUT WHO WAS THE BIG BOSS. TONIGHT I WAS TO MEET HIM, AND -- KNOWING WHO HE WAS, I COULD ROUND UP THE WHOLE GANG! BUT SOMEWHERE I SLIPPED UP. THEY DISCOVERED I'M A G-MAN -- YOU KNOW THE REST.

YEAH, TO THEM YOU'RE A DEAD MAN NOW!



BUT THANKS TO YOU FELLOWS I'M ALIVE. SO BEING ALIVE I'VE GOT TO FINISH MY WORK. I KNOW WHERE THE GANG'S GOING SO I'VE GOT TO GET ALONG!

YOU CAN'T DO MUCH ALONE NOW THEY KNOW WHO YOU ARE. SO WHY NOT LET US COME ALONG AND HELP YOU?



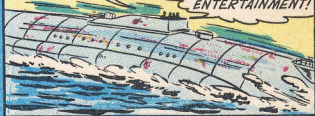
SWELL! WE CAN RUN CIRCLES AROUND THEM WITH THE **PHANTOM SUB!** YOU BET I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU HELP ME! FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS SUB IT SHOULD BE A CINCH TO NAB THOSE CROOKS!

GREAT! WHICH WAY ARE THOSE THUGS GOING?



THEY'RE MEETING THE BIG BOSS A FEW MILES OUT IN THE GULF. WE'LL OVERTAKE THEM EASILY AT THIS SPEED!

GOOD, WHEN WE DO FIND THEM I'VE GOT A LITTLE PLAN COOKED UP FOR THEIR ENTERTAINMENT!



THERE THEY ARE! WHAT'S THE PLAN, JACK?

EVERYBODY INSIDE. WE'LL SUBMERGE AND I'LL OUTLINE WHAT WE'LL DO!



WHILE ABOARD THE GANGSTERS' BOAT —

BOY WE CERTAINLY WUZ LUCKY TO FIND OUT ABOUT THAT COPPER! 'MAGINE WOT TH' BOSS'D DO TO US IF WE HADN'T!

YEAH, BUT HE WON'T BOTHER ANYBODY WHERE HE IS NOW!



WELL, THERE'S THE BOSS' BOAT. HOPE WE AIN'T LATE!

SOME BOAT EH? WHO'D EVER THINK TH' BOSS WUZ A CROOK, HUH?



SUDDENLY!

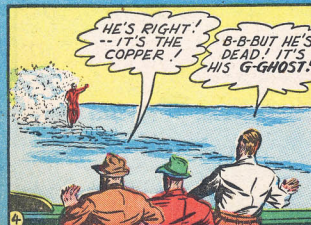
YEEOW! IT'S HIM!

WHAT'SAMATTER WITH YOU YA NUTS?



HE'S RIGHT! -- IT'S THE COPPER!

B-B-BUT HE'S DEAD! IT'S HIS G-GHOST!



YEEOW, NOW! HE'S GONE!

YA-A-A-A I'M GETTIN' ON TH' YACHT!



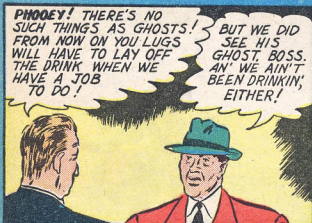
THE EXPLANATION OF THE G-MAN'S ABILITY TO DISAPPEAR AT WILL, IS THIS - THE SUB IS MOVED ALONG WITH ITS BROAD BACK JUST EVEN WITH THE SURFACE. THE WATER-GUN EJECTS A FINE MIST WHICH CONCEALS ITSELF AND THE DECK WALLS - THE G-MAN SIMPLY STEPS IN AND OUT OF THIS MIST CREATING THE GHOSTLY ILLUSION -



IT'S HIS GHOST! HE'S COME BACK TO HAUNT US!



WELL, BOSS, WE FOUND OUT THAT GRAHAM WAS A COPPER. A G-MAN, SO WE BUMPED HIM OFF! NOW WE JUST SAW HIS GHOST!



BUT WE DID SEE HIS GHOST, BOSS. AN' WE AIN'T BEEN DRINKIN' EITHER!



YES, BOSS.

OKAY, BOSS!



THERE THEY GO! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!

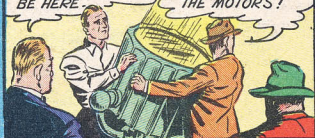


AS THE GANG HEADS FOR SOME SECRET RENDEZVOUS, THE PHANTOM SUB FOLLOWS.

MANY MILES OUT TO SEA THE YACHT IS AGAIN SWUNG AT ANCHOR AND THE GANG SIGNALS INTO THE AIR WITH A POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT.

GIVE IT AGAIN - THAT PLANE SHOULD BE HERE -

IT'S COMING BOSS, I CAN HEAR THE MOTORS!



THE GANG IS JUST ABOUT TO RETRIEVE THE FIRST FLOATING BUNDLE - WHEN -

YEEOW - IT'S THE GHOST!

LOOK, BOSS THERE HE IS!



SOON A LARGE PLANE CIRCLES OVERHEAD AND BUNDLES FLOAT DOWN ON PARACHUTES.



OKAY, GET BUSY PICKING UP THOSE BUNDLES!

SPOOK NOTHING! I'LL FIX HIM WITH A LITTLE HOT LEAD!



BANG!

SEE, BOSS, HE JUST DISAPPEARS INTO THE AIR!

WELL, YES... BUT I DROVE HIM OFF! NOW PICK UP THAT BUNDLE!

THE SPOOK TOOK IT!



BUT THE PHANTOM CREW IS PREPARED FOR ANY SUCH EMERGENCY, AND A BURST OF SPEED CARRIES THE G-MAN SAFELY OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE -



WHAT? IT CAN'T BE -- WELL, ANYWAY, LET'S GET THE OTHERS AND GET OUT OF HERE!

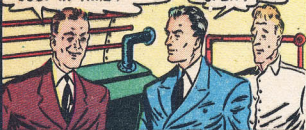
SURE THING, BOSS!



ABOARD THE SUB -

WOW, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER THAT TIME. YOU FELLOWS GOT ME OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME!

RIGHT, WE HADN'T FIGURED ANYONE WOULD SHOOT. BUT LET'S GET THAT BUNDLE OPEN!



NARCOTICS! BOY HERE'S EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO CONVICT THE WHOLE BUNCH!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO ROUND THEM UP. AND THAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD, SEEING THEY ARE SCARED HALF TO DEATH!



THE SUB IS NOW SURFACED ON THE SIDE OF THE YACHT AWAY FROM THE GANGSTERS -

BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET ABOARD?

WE'LL PUT YOU ON BOARD WITH THE CLAW. THEN WE'LL STAND BY TO LEND A HAND!



OKAY -

BE CAREFUL NOW, TOM, DON'T TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY CHANCES.



OKAY, THAT'S THE LAST ONE... NOW BACK TO THE YACHT IN A HURRY!

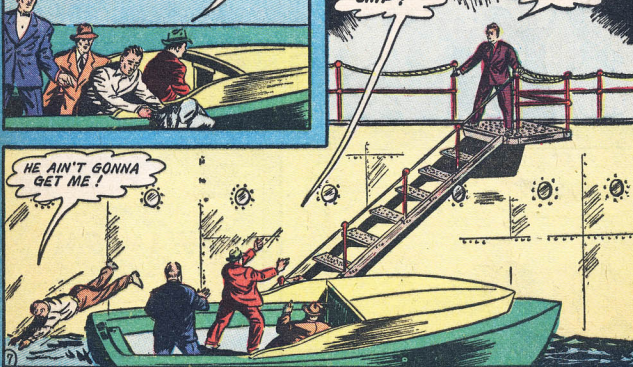
AND HOW! WE CAN'T GET OUTTA HERE ANY TOO SOON FOR ME!



BACK AT THE YACHT - THE GANG PREPARES TO GO ABOARD - - WHEN -

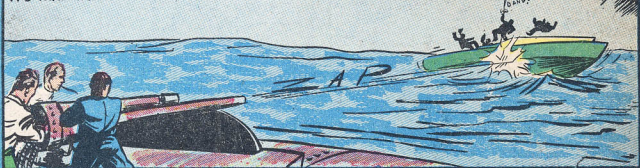
YEEOW IT'S HIM AGAIN, AND ON THE SHIP!

YES, I'M BACK TO FINISH YOU RATS!



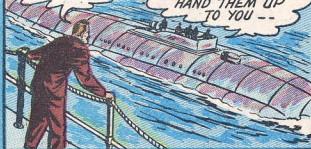
HE AIN'T GONNA GET ME!

THE PHANTOM CREW NOW LEAPS INTO ACTION — THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS AND A TERRIFICALLY COMPRESSED PROJECTILE OF WATER FINDS ITS MARK!



HAW HAW! LOOK AT THEM, JACK. THEY DON'T KNOW YET WHAT HIT THEM!

THEY DO LOOK SURPRISED, DON'T THEY? WELL, STAND BY, TOM, WE'LL HAND THEM UP TO YOU --



NUMBER ONE, COMING ABOARD!



WELL, THERE THEY ARE, A LITTLE DAMP BUT ALL INTACT!

I'VE GOT TO LET HEADQUARTERS KNOW, JACK. COULD I BORROW YOUR RADIO-MAN?

SURE THING--



ALL SET, JACK! HEADQUARTERS IS SENDING SOME MEN TO PICK UP THESE LUGS!

GOOD! ...WE'LL BE GOING ALONG THEN.



IF YOU EVER NEED US AGAIN, TOM, YOU KNOW HOW TO REACH US!

I CERTAINLY WILL, JACK. TO HAVE THE HELP OF THE PHANTOM SUB IS LIKE BEING BACKED BY THE WHOLE U.S. NAVY!

THAT'S A BIT OF AN EXAGGERATION, BUT WE'RE CERTAINLY PROUD OF THE PHANTOM!



NEXT MONTH
ANOTHER
PHANTOM
SUB IN
BLUE BOLT



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A Comic Treat
That Can't be
Beat!

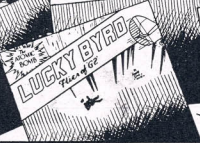
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MO-153



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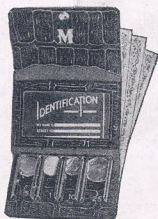


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